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AUGUST 13, 1956

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Stan Musial

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# HOTBOX

## The Question:

*How do you feel about mixed  
foursomes in golf?*



MRS. SAMUEL HALE

*Dominican Republic  
Wife of the U.S.  
military aide*



I love to play in mixed foursomes. Furthermore, the men love to take us along. We're not so bad. We can offer enough competition to make a match interesting to the men. Men have often told me that they like to see women on the golf course because it adds color to the links.

LINDA BUSCH

*Dania, Fla.  
Queen of the Dania  
Tennis Festival*



Women shouldn't embarrass their husbands by asking to be included in their golf. They don't play well enough and are outclassed. I

don't like to do anything unless I can do it well. But I'm only 16. When I become older and a better golfer, maybe I'll feel differently.

JOHN E. McADUFFE



*Plainfield, N.J. and  
Palm Beach  
Industrialist*

Foursome was the original game of golf. Four contestants alternate strokes with two balls. I've staged a mixed foursome for 21 years at the Everglades Club in Palm Beach. The best male amateurs were paired with the best lady amateurs. This year we'll stage it at Boca Raton.

JACK SHAW



*Powass Ridge, N.Y.  
Inn owner*

They're great. I just love to hear that admiring "Gee-ee" from the distaff side when I tee off with a 260-yard drive. Also, when your golf partner happens to be your life partner, you can give the weekend chores of cutting the lawn or painting the fence to the hired man who needs the dough, anyway.

MRS. FRANK G. CLEMENT

*Dickson, Tenn.  
Wife of the governor*



That's so silly to ask a woman. Don't you know that all women would rather play golf with men than just compete among themselves? But I have one exception. If the men are really serious about their score in golf, the women should encourage them to play among themselves.

BUCK ROGERS



*Credad Trujillo  
General manager  
El Embajador Hotel*

The golf course is a man's last refuge. Or it used to be. I prefer playing with men because they are more serious about the game and are more evenly matched. My wife Queta prefers playing with women, because she says women don't take the game seriously, as men do.

MRS. ROBERT TRENT JONES



*Montclair, N.J.*

It's an institution that helps to keep a family together. Families that play together and pay together stay together. I have to play when I play golf. I like the foursome, where a man and woman alternate strokes. That gives my partner a chance to correct my stroke.

MRS. LUCIUS O. CLAY

*New York City*



There should be no question about mixed foursomes in golf. Generally, the men should do what they should like on the golf course.

I'm sure that they enjoy occasional mixed foursomes, which are wonderful mixers. If the men become slightly bored, they can have a side game with each other.

LIEUT. GENERAL CHARLES B. STONE



*USAF, Commander  
Continental Air  
Command*

They're the best thing for duffers my age. I look forward to a certain match. Both of the gals are knockouts. One is my wife. She plays in the nineties. I'm not much better. The other, Mrs. Roy, is a whiz; and her husband, Emil, shoots in the seventies. I wish we could lick them.

## NEXT WEEK:

*What sport attracts the  
most unsportsmanlike  
fans?*



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## MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

**I**N next week's Anniversary Issue **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will celebrate its second birthday in several special ways. The first of these to strike the eye will be a major change in the style of the logotype on our cover. Logotype in magazine parlance describes the particular lettering which distinguishes a name—more or less a trademark. Thus **SI**'s logotype now is:

**SPORTS**  
ILLUSTRATED

—but next week, aged 2, our cover steps forth with a new design in which “**Illustrated**” will be in the same type and size as “**Sports**.”

“**Illustrated**,” of course, has always been an integral part of our name; and on the average, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s editorial content consists half of text and half of pictures. Our editors feel that the new logotype will represent a more accurate reflection of this fact, and I think all readers will be pleased with its appearance.

The Anniversary Issue will be notable also for 23 pages of full color—the most in any single issue yet. Among them will be six pages of the great sires of horse racing; three pages on back-to-campus college clothes; two pictures of the Minneapolis stadium, newest and most colorful of all; some Fiberglas boats, whose future in the sport which has grown fastest during **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s first two years looks as bright as their glistening hulls. In addition there will be eight pages of scenes from bridge paths, clubs, courts, streams and lakes which capture the mood and tempo of the contemporary sporting life. They are the background for an imaginative article on how today's “wonderful world of sport” may appear 50 years from now to an observer who discusses it in the light of possible and surprising changes in sport during the next half century.

Finally, I think you will be interested in the televised *Ed Sullivan Show* this Sunday night when he will extend birthday greetings to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and present a host of former Olympic Gold Medal winners, including Harrison Dillard, John Kelly Sr., Johnny Weissmuller, Eddie Tolan, Floyd Patterson as well as the athletes who hope to be their successful counterparts this December, among these Lee Calhoun, John Kelly Jr., George Breen, Bobby Morrow and Vince Ferguson.

It sounds like a perfect way to start an anniversary week in an Olympic Year.

*Harry Phillips*

**COVER: THE 5.5s**

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

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As the U.S. Olympic sailing tryouts end this week, the 5.5-Meter class is producing a double dose of excitement. Skipper Herman Whittem, owner of *Polyfender* (cover left), and Pierre and Edward DuPont (right) are battling for a spot on the team; and the tryouts will also indicate which designer of these fine-lined sloops was most successful. For more on Olympic sailing, and an interview with Racer Gene Walz, see page 42.

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**BROOKLYN'S MONEY MEN COME THROUGH**

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There is an old saying in sports that when the young gets tough, the tough get going. Against Milwaukee, the aging Dodgers proved they are still the toughest of all. By RAY TERRELL

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There's only one synonym for the annual Tour de France—"War!" Photographed by JOHN SADOVY and described by WILLIAM McHALE

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A remarkable jaunt into the back Wyoming wilderness is captured in COLOR and words by Photographer TOM FRISSELL

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AUGUST 13, 1956

**SPORTS**  
ILLUSTRATIONS

# BROOKLYN'S MONEY





# MEN COME THROUGH AGAIN

**Challenged by Milwaukee's sizzling young Braves, the rich old Dodgers showed that they intend to stay rich by once more delivering like champions when the pressure was on**

by ROY TERRELL

LESS THAN eight weeks to go. The tightness of the National League pennant race, obvious all season, takes on a new meaning for those involved. That extra degree of tension creeps into attitudes, plays that fall live longer in nightmares, the singing in the club car on those long road trips is less frequent, less spontaneous.

Those involved are three: the three class teams of the league, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Brooklyn. Bound up in a tight little knot at the top of the standings, each has something big in its favor: phenomenal pitching for the Braves, tremendous power for the Reds, and for the poised, confident old Bums, a familiarity with and strong affection for the winning trail along which they are led by the strong scent of World Series checks.

Yet as recently as July 14, at 22 minutes past 4 o'clock, young Henry Aaron had buried the Brooklyn Dodgers.

The interment wasn't officially complete, of course, until the following day when the nation's great morning dailies informed their readers that this indeed was so. But to 40,000 people in Milwaukee's County Stadium that afternoon—including most of the Milwaukee Braves and perhaps a fair smattering of the recently deceased Dodgers themselves—there was little question that final rites were read at that precise instant of the 10th inning when Aaron ripped into one of Doc Bessent's fast balls and sent it soaring out into left center field, allowing Johnny Logan to trot home from second base.

"The Bums," agreed the assembled thousands, "are dead."

There were few to disagree. Aaron's implement may have been a shiny, tapered 33-inch piece of yellow ash instead of a long-handled shovel, but, symbolically at least, he had just patted the final bit of

earth in place over the last remains of one of baseball's great teams—the 1955 world champions. It was not so much that the Dodgers had just lost four to Milwaukee, nor even that they were in third place, 4½ games off the lead and sinking fast. It was, instead, the way in which they had lost—bumbling and stumbling and futile. It was apparent that very little remained of the magnificent team which had terrorized the National League for 10 years, won five pennants in that period of time and, finally, beaten the hated Yankees in the World Series. It was also apparent that now, less than a year after its moment of greatest triumph, the Dodger dynasty was crumbling and tottering and ready to fall.

What had happened? Well, this was easy, because almost everyone—even several million baseball fans who lived in the provincial lands outside Brooklyn and had never even seen the Dodgers—had the answer. A fair cross sampling:

1) The Dodgers had too many old pros. They were complacent and sated and the thrill was gone. They had been everywhere, seen everything, beaten everybody. They were no longer hungry.

2) The Dodgers had too many old pros. They were weary and worn and coming apart at the seams.

3) The Dodgers had no hitting. Campanella was in the worst slump of his career. So was Hodges. So was . . . well, look at the averages.

4) The Dodgers had no pitching. Or at least not enough. Podres was gone and so was Loeis and so was Spooner, and the ones who were left couldn't carry the load of a team which wasn't hitting.

5) The Dodgers were hurt. Zimmer, beamed in late June, was out for the year. Robinson had an injured leg. Reese was playing with a sore groin muscle. And there was a whole epidemic of thumb injuries: Campanella had one full of bone chips, Randy Jackson cut his in a shower, Gillingham jammed his in a play at second base.

*continued on next page*

**COURAGEOUS BRAVE** Lew Burdette catches a flash of Jackie Robinson's line drive as it heads for left field. Minutes later, Dale Mitchell singled Robby home with the winning run.





A STARTLED REACTION: WHO WAS IT THOUGHT THAT THE DODGERS COULD BE GETTING OLD?

were only two games out of first place. It was, instead, the way in which they had been playing—tough and strong and sure. For, even while Milwaukee was continuing its hot streak through late July, there had been rustings in the Dodger graveyard; the Dodgers were winning too. In fact, from the moment they left Milwaukee on that dismal Saturday afternoon, they had lost only five games. They won 15, including eight in a row at one stage, and when they finished with the Braves last week, they had won 11 of their last 13. The Dodgers, it was plain to see, had regained their power, their poise, their confidence; they were playing good baseball. And, when the chips were down, they were winning the games that had to be won. The Dodgers were very much alive.

What had happened? Well, for those same experts, this was easy too.

1) The Dodgers are real old pros. "They don't get very excited about winning," said Jackson, who came to Brooklyn this season after six years with the Chicago Cubs, "because they are used to winning. But they sure don't like to lose." Not hungry? The very idea of letting that big World Series paycheck get away without a real fight was unthinkable; one does not easily give up one's Cadillac and the mink stole upon the back of one's wife. The thrill all gone? Ask Pee Wee Reese, to whom there is no greater thrill than a Brooklyn victory. Complacent? Can anyone imagine a complacent Jackie Robinson?

2) The Dodgers aren't really so old after all. Just ripe. Their dynasty may have begun to show a few cracks here and there but it certainly isn't ready to collapse. Why, look at Napoleon; before Waterloo he came back for 100 days, and the Dodgers have to last for only 60. Even Robinson and Reese aren't yet as old as Napoleon.

3) The Dodgers are hitting. Streaky, maybe, but hitting. Snider is leading the league in home runs with 30. Hodges, despite his .258 batting average, has hit 22 homers and driven in 63 runs. Sandy Amoros, in three weeks, has raised his average from .212 to .254; Robinson has gone from .224 to .292. Furillo is over .300. And the team is hitting in the clutch, which is most important of all.

4) The pitching is superb. During that eight-game winning streak, Dodger starters needed only one-third of an inning of relief; seven times they went all the way, which sent a statistics-minded gentleman leafing through the dusty back pages of his record books to

## BROOKLYN'S MONEY MEN

*continued from page 7*

6) The National League was tougher than ever before. The opposition had caught up with Brooklyn.

7) The Dodgers had dissen-sion. Manager Walter Alston and his players were feuding and fighting behind closed doors.

This was on July 14. . . .

At 39 minutes past 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Aug. 2, Don Newcombe leaned far back on the pitching mound at Ebbets Field, kicked his left leg high in the air and sent a baseball sailing past Eddie Mathews' violently swung bat. It was a third strike and the end

of a ball game. And the thud of the ball, as it banged into Campanella's big glove, sounded like the peal of Gabriel's horn through the antiquated old ball park in Flatbush. En masse, the Brooklyn Dodgers arose from their graves, shook themselves and—not looking like ghosts at all but just a little dirty and sweaty maybe—flexed their muscles and snarled their defiance to prove they had come back to haunt the rest of the National League.

"You put us away," they said, "a little too soon."

Again, there were few to disagree. Because once again it wasn't so much that the Dodgers had just won three from Milwaukee nor even that they

discover that nothing quite so nice as this had happened to a Brooklyn pitching staff since September of 1949. Newcombe's fast ball was once again overpowering; old Sal Maglie's curve was once again Sal Maglie's curve of old; Carl Erskine was back from the gates of the pitchers' graveyard with all his tremendous ability unimpaired; young Roger Craig was fast and sharp and Clem Labine continued to look for all the world like the best relief pitcher in baseball.

5) The Dodgers are all healthy once again.

6) The National League is not really that tough. The Braves and Redlegs have yet to prove that they can stay with the old pros when the heat is on.

7) The Dodgers are really just one big happy family.

The last item may require a little elaboration, since it is this, more than anything else, which many of the Dodgers feel jerked them out of the doldrums and sent them winging after the league leaders.

On the night of July 13, between the games as Brooklyn blew a double-header to the Braves, Manager Walter Alston quietly but firmly shut the clubhouse door and not so quietly ripped into his ball club. It was a secret meeting and no one outside of the team was supposed to know what went on behind those doors. But the story leaked out.

"He called us gutless," said an anonymous Dodger two days later to a New York writer traveling with the club, and that is the way the story hit print. And then it began to snowball. Other anonymous Dodgers told the story, with variations, to other writers, until the nation's sport pages were loaded down with the fight between Alston, standing out in the open, and his team, hiding unnamed behind the protective cloak of anonymity.

"I called no one gutless," said Alston. "I don't use that word. Perhaps," he added, "I might have accused them of choking up." And that, to Walter Alston's everlasting credit, is about all that he said in his own defense.

It is no secret how many of the Dodgers feel about their manager. For one thing, they really are one big happy family—the players, that is. For years they have been winning pennants with each other and living and traveling with each other and serving as best men at each other's weddings and baby-sitting with each other's kids. But Alston, even after two years and even after leading them to their first world championship, is still an interloper—a minor league player and a

minor league manager who took over a ready-made team of big leaguers. Because he is the manager, they do what he says, for they respect the authority he wields. But they do not always respect him as a baseball man; they feel he is not the equal in a tactical sense of their old manager Dreesen nor does he have the ability to get a team up and moving and keep it there that belonged to their old manager Durocher.

But—and this is to the Dodgers' credit—they are fair men. As soon as Reese and Erskine and Snider and some of the others began to realize that Alston was a sitting-duck target for a barrage of anonymous dissension charges, they came to his rescue.

"If we have something to say about the manager," said Reese, "then we should say it with our names attached."

"I took a dig at baseball last spring," pointed out Snider, "but I signed the piece. It's about time some of the rest of you did the same."

And while they were talking they also realized that, whatever his faults in their eyes, Alston's only aim was the same as theirs—to win the pennant.

"I looked back at the games I've pitched," said Erskine, "and not a thing Walter Alston did or didn't do could have helped me win—or lose—even one game more."

"It's not him that's not hitting," said Campanella. "It's us."

continued on page 55

A RELAXED REESE: AT 32 THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH IS A STREAM OF BROOKLYN VICTORIES



# BICYCLE RACE? C'EST LA GUERRE!

The Tour de France is one part Gallic excitability and another part madness

by WILLIAM McHALE

IN A HILLTOP town in Brittany a grocer slicing garlic sausage for a customer was interrupted by a squeal from his wife in the doorway. "*Il's arrivee! Il's arrivee!*" she shouted, her foot-high, stiff lace cap bobbing with excitement. The grocer froze in midslice, then he and the customer leaped like hares for the curbstones to cheer and applaud as 120 men on bicycles came whirling down the slope in a flash of colored jerseys and sparkling wheel spokes.

Like every other Frenchman who could draw breath last month, the Breton grocer was cheering on the heroes of the Tour de France, the biggest, noisiest, richest bicycle race in the world. More than a half century old, the Tour began this year on July 5 with the pop of a champagne cork as a starting signal in the cathedral town of Reims, wound north for a quick bend into Belgium, west along the Normandy beaches, south for a tendon-popping tussle with the Pyrenees mountains, east along the Côte d'Azur for another lung-bursting battle with the Alps and a short detour into Italy, then a long sprint north through the central plains of France for a tumultuous welcome on July 28 by more than 35,000 cheering fans in Paris' Parc des Princes. It lasted 24 days, stopped in 22 cities, covered 2,800 miles, awarded \$120,000 in prizes.

As a prime French national obsession, the Tour ranks somewhere between *Faouar* and lunch. It is estimated that 12 million people line the roads to watch the race go by: bearded monks at the gates of their monastery walls, blanket-wrapped invalids on stretchers, schoolchildren shepherded by white-coated nuns, town mayors standing stiffly in front of their city councils, shopkeepers, soldiers, and babes in arms. The Tour is a good-sized village moving at 35 miles an hour: in addition to the 120 riders, the procession includes more than 1,000 hangers-on, including 108 managers, coaches, masseurs, 70 officials, 430 reporters and photographers and 280 employees of commercial firms who send along traveling exhibits advertising soap, aperitifs, soft drinks and deodorants. Totalling some 240 autos and 100 motorcycles, the caravan stretches out for 30 miles along the road, closely guarded by more than 10,000 policemen, plus about 3,000 of the tough blue-uniformed *Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité*, France's highly trained

mobile shock troops. Main highways are turned into one-way streets for the Tour's sake, and all side roads are blocked off. Traffic is paralyzed but nobody minds, because everyone is watching the race.

The very first Tour was born because Count Albert de Dion threw an egg at the President of France. A ferocious aristocrat, the count detested republicanism, and one day in 1899 he gave vent to his feelings by lobbing an egg at the high hat of President Emile Loubet as he sat in the stands of Paris' Auteuil race track. Arrested and imprisoned for a few months, the fiery count emerged from jail with a fresh grievance: some of his friends, especially the editor of a daily sports newspaper, had condemned his assault on the President. To avenge himself on the faithless editor, the count decided to found a competing newspaper, *L'Auto*, and in the editor's chair he installed Henri Desgrange, one of the most vibrant figures in the febrile history of French journalism.

Trained as a lawyer, big, black-bearded Henri Desgrange had early given up the courtroom for a career as a professional bike rider. He became French champion on the tri-cycle, and in 1893 set a new amateur speed record for two wheelers. When he became boss of *L'Auto*, he hit on a free-wheeling scheme to boost circulation: the newspaper would sponsor a great bicycle race which would tour round the entire country, last nearly a month, attract the finest professionals of the day. Aghast at his own conception, which he compared in grandeur to the powerful work of Emile Zola, Desgrange saluted the start of the first Tour on July 1, 1903 with the following plushy paragraph: "From Paris to the blue waves of the Mediterranean, from Marseilles to Bordeaux, passing along all the roseate and dreamy roads, sleeping under the sun, across the calm of the fields of the Vendée, following the Loire which flows on calm and silent, our men are going to race madly, unflaggingly. . ."

*(Text continued on page 62)*

Main body of cyclists struggles manfully up steep incline toward hilltop town on the day's long lap between Angers and La Rochelle in the west of France







Strung out along hedges, Tour makes swift progress in rural road in foothills of Pyrenees

High in Pyrenees, crowds urge on Roger Hassenforder through mist from low-hanging clouds





Here's reward is part of Gallic reception for Roger Walkowiak at Bordeaux Stadium. Winner of day's lap, Walkowiak went on to the 1955 Tour victory



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

LIGHTNING STRIKES AGAIN—AND AGAIN • A FEATHER FOR  
SOME WEIGHT • THE DANGERS OF GOING UP AND DOWN •  
DIRTY WORK IN GELSENKIRCHEN • AFTER THE GUEST LEFT

## OLYMPIAN UPROAR

AMATEUR SPORT has attracted more dissimilar types than the wharves of Algiers and has produced more divergence of thought than the old League of Nations, but its fanciers do not lack a common bond: there is hardly one of them who has not sent an irate telegram to Avery Brundage. During his four years as president of the International Olympic Committee, Brundage has always operated as though the abstract Olympic ideal was an absolutely realistic code of operation and as though professionalism was a skid road to hell; he is a stiff-backed fellow and a stickler for rules, and his broad, upright figure is continually illumined by a St. Elmo's fire of controversy.

Last week, however, Avery suddenly began getting hit by chain lightning. The world discovered (with the tardy publication of the rule book for the 1956 Games) that Brundage's committee, meeting last January at Cortina, Italy, had redefined amateurism—and had decided that an Olympic athlete must not only spurn pay before and during the Games but must pledge never to turn professional in the future.

The waves of protest which followed washed in from every point of the compass. "For 30 years," said Director Lyman Bingham of the U.S. Olympic Committee, "I have never disagreed with Brundage. But he's all wrong this time. As far as the U.S. is concerned he's shooting bullets at us and blanks at the rest of the world." Said Franz Stampf, who coached Roger Bannister: "Absolutely unrealistic." Sports Editor R. G. Lynch of the *Milwaukee Journal* wrote: "This Cotton

Mather of sport . . . would revive the scarlet letter as a P instead of an A." Sprinter Bobby Morrow announced that he would refuse to sign.

Brundage seemed genuinely astounded by all this uproar, but he did not back down an inch. "The new pledge," he said stiffly, "involves no change in Olympic rules whatsoever. Those who intend to capitalize on their athletic fame have never been eligible for Olympic competition. That the pledge should come as a 'bombshell' merely indicates how far we have deviated from true amateur principles."

Despite this stubborn stand, Brundage did finally seem to realize that the haphazard and tardy way in which the pledge came to the world's attention was unfortunate, to say the least, and he considered a loophole—delaying

its actual application until after the Melbourne Games. The International Olympic Committee (which will vote on this point) would be very badly advised to take any other course, if only in fairness to the U.S. Olympic team, which was picked without knowledge of the new rule, and which would unquestionably suffer more damage than its competitors if the pledge were enforced this year.

## COSTLY POUNDS

A NUGGLING MATTER of two pounds was all that kept Nashua out of the Brooklyn Handicap at Jamaica, and a lot of racing fans were hard put to understand why such a trifle should deprive them of the chance to see their

*continued on next page*

## CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

### • Two-Way Break

Floyd Patterson's mending metacarpal may turn out to be the luckiest break ever for Middleweight Champ Ray Robinson. With the Patterson-Archie Moore fight postponed until October or even next spring, the IBC may have to substitute a Robinson-Geac Fulmer title fight for the now-vacated Sept. 18 booking at Yankee Stadium.

### • A Minor Rescue

After agreeing that minor league baseball should get \$500,000 assist for the 1957 season, major league magnates considered Brooklyn Dodge proposal that money be raised by sending 20 major league teams to minor league towns to play the locals on a day designated "National Baseball Day."

### • Beginner's Luck

*Shanty I*, Ted Jones's newest hydroplane design, took top money at Seattle's \$25,000 Seafair in record time of 109.89 mph. Since *Sis-Mo-Shan IV* is still considered fastest of class, credit for victory went largely to Novice Driver Russ Schlech, Air Force jet pilot, who made his debut in 1955 Gold Cup.

### • Water Fight

Smarting over Egypt's grab of the Suez Canal, Britain's Billy Butlin banned Egyptian swimmers from competing in his international cross-Channel race from Cap Gris Nez to Folkestone. Action caused Cairo newspaper *Al Kahira* to taunt: "Britain is scared of Egypt, even in the field of sports."

continued from page 15

favorite Thoroughbred in action. Everyone knows by now that Nashua's new owners mean what they say about refusing to let him carry more than 130 pounds in a race. So what was the point in Handicapper Jimmy Kilroe's virtually throwing Nashua out of the Brooklyn by assigning him 132?

The answer goes right to the heart of handicap racing which, lacking a cut-and-dried formula for measuring a horse's speed and stamina, must lean on the handicapper's judgment, to say nothing of his integrity. Handicappers must step in where even an electronic computer might fear to tread.

When Leslie B. Combs II announced the ceiling on Nashua's imports last spring, it was unusual indeed. In fact, it amounted to an ultimatum to handicappers: if they wanted this great gate



attraction to run at their tracks they knew the terms in advance. Combs reasoned that excessive weights could break down a Thoroughbred—a question on which horsemen are far from agreed. Nevertheless, no one can fault the syndicate for looking after the best interest of their horse, as they see it.

Jimmy Kilroe, on the other hand, had to think of other horses besides Nashua. In other words, he had to weight the big 4-year-old on past performance, and that is just what he did. Nashua, who had won his last two starts with 128 and 129 pounds respectively, was due for an extra load.

It is a feather in Kilroe's hat that he refused to be stampeded by Combs's ultimatum. Racing is much the better for such men, who call them as they see them and put the integrity of their trade ahead of the box office.

#### PAYMENT IN FULL

**T**HE SNOWY PEAK of Mt. Hood rising 11,245 feet in the Cascade Range of Oregon is a fair challenge for an average mountaineer. A thousand or more accept the challenge every summer. Sunday of last week a rope chain of 18 novice boys and girls, led by one guide, had by early afternoon won the top and were working back down. A few minutes after 3 o'clock someone in the middle of the chain lost his foot-

ing, pulling another and another climber down with him. In one terrible moment the whole line was scrambling, falling, sliding on an ice-slick chute. In another moment all 19 were gone from the mountain face. They lay in a bloody pile at the bottom of a 30-foot crevasse. Some moaned; some lay quiet. One died.

Why did it happen? Few in the string had ever worked a glacial mountain before. Less than half carried ice axes with which they might have halted their wild slide. The 19 had been strung close on a 120-foot line where sound mountain sense dictates a maximum of five or six. It was tragedy compounded of these several errors. A lodge manager, Richard Kohnstamm, who had seen them off and been among the first to the rescue, offered another reason. "The lodge and the highway make Mt. Hood so accessible, people just forget where they are."

In this same week it seemed that another realm had also become too accessible. Within a few days after two competent sports divers had gone down 160 feet to the high side of the sunken *Andrea Doria* (SI, Aug. 5) three larger expeditions were following suit. In 12 feet of water, 200 yards off the Nantuxet Coast Guard station, the largest of those expeditions was checking out its equipment. They were using standard, proven masks of breathing units of the demand regulator type, but there was available one experimental breathing apparatus of a different sort, known generally as a "rebreather."

The most expert diver, using any one of a variety of rebreathers, must be constantly on guard against one or more hazards. The essential theory of rebreathers violates a basic rule for sports equipment: safety based on simplicity of operation.

Two of the divers on this *Andrea Doria* expedition declined trying the rebreather that had been brought aboard. Twenty-three-year-old Hill Edgerton, as good a diver as any of them, thought it was worth at least a shallow water test. After one successful dive with his instructor, Dr. Christian Lambertsen, he went down for a second try. Lambertsen followed, but as he now relates: "... he swam away from me." After trying to contact Edgerton by underwater megaphone, the other divers began an all-out search. Within a half hour of Edgerton's first descent they found him lying 12 feet down, less than 40 yards from the boat.

What had happened? Using non-sports equipment that exposed him to unwarranted hazards, and unwitting-

ly or purposely leaving his swimming mate, Edgerton had died of anoxia, lapsing into unconsciousness for lack of oxygen without knowing he needed any. He doubtless died, as Dr. Lambertsen informed the local medical examiner, "like a man dropping off to sleep."

Any man is free to try for the top of a mountain and equally free to do what he will in 12 feet of water. There are only unwritten, common-sense laws grounded on such sobering experiences as those last week. These unwritten laws are enforced by a terrible, freakish justice. A dozen violators may be let off free. The next one may pay in full.

#### THE GREAT PIGEON CHASE

**I**T IS DOUBTFUL that any U.S. cops—even those who shagged Pretty Boy Floyd and John Dillinger around the Midwest back in the days when gangsters were gangsters—ever got, or even imagined, the kind of indignant cooperation which the burghers of Gelsenkirchen, Germany (pop. 370,000) rendered the law last week in tracking down what can only be described as a steel pigeon. A homing stool pigeon, that is. Germans are nuts for pigeons. Ninety thousand of them breed the birds and there are 2,500,000 registered ringed racing pigeons in the country. Pigeon fever burns hottest among Ruhr coal miners and Gelsenkirchen is in the heart of the Ruhr—people would as likely eat roast pigeon in Gelsenkirchen as people would eat roast Thoroughbred in Maryland. As for stealing a racing pigeon—*Um Gottes Willen!*

Nevertheless, one Willi Schäfer, a respected mine messenger and pigeon breeder, came home one day last month and discovered that a fennel had broken into his tool shed, entered his loft and had made off with six prize birds he valued at \$240. Schäfer went to the police, choking back his tears, and reported the incident, but two weeks passed before it became evident that the crime was not simple theft but a case of pigeon-napping. Then a boy called at Schäfer's home and handed him a box. Inside the box was a strange gray pigeon and a note which read: "If you release this pigeon immediately with 50 marks attached to its foot, I will turn your pigeons loose. Unless my pigeon returns before 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, I will butcher yours immediately."

After that all *Hähne* broke loose in Gelsenkirchen. The town pigeon breeding society held special meetings and

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*"By George! You're right! It is rheum rhapsonticum—rhebarb!"*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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the cops prepared for action as though someone had snatched the mayor's daughter. It was decided to attach long colored ribbons to the gray pigeon's legs, shut up every other bird in town and track the fowl's bird to wherever it might fly when released. When the details of this scheme were published in the newspapers, a second note arrived from the fowl, reducing the ransom to 20 marks and pleading



with Owner Schäfer to call off the man-hunt to "spare my family from disgrace." It was ignored. Shortly thereafter, the stolen pigeons—obviously released by the frightened thief—flew back to Schäfer's home.

The law, however, was not to be bilked. On the appointed day two airplanes circled over Schäfer's house to track the beribboned pigeon, while 14 police cars stood by to chase it on the ground and 100,000 excited citizens perched on their rooftops or jammed the streets to chart the direction of its flight. It flew into a loft only four blocks from Schäfer's home. The loft's owner, an unemployed construction worker named Johann Schonhoff, was arrested. He denied all at first, but last week broke into tears and confessed. The Gelsenkirchen police predicted that the culprit will be shown scant mercy by the court. "Where," puffed Karl Kiehne, director of criminal police, "would we get if this sort of thing became a habit?"

### EXCELSIOR!

THE TOWERING gray dams which stand athwart the rivers of the Pacific Northwest have blessed the region with torrents of hydroelectric power, with new industry, new people and a lively new prosperity. But in so doing they have blocked, river by river, the runs of salmon, steelhead and sea-run cutthroat trout which make the country a sportsman's paradise. The difficulty has not lain in getting adult fish up over the dams and on to wilderness spawning beds in the mountain creeks beyond; fish ladders which provide them with easy ascent have been in operation for decades. But their progeny, bound downstream for the sea as little fingerlings, are killed by the

millions annually in turbine blades or in thunderous drops over high spillways.

As a result, the dam-proud, salmon-loving people of the Northwest have been gripped by a curious achilophobia. When the city of Tacoma proposed 10 years ago to build two high dams on the Cowlitz River, it encountered heavy opposition from citizens rallying to the defense of the stream's wonderful salmon and steelhead runs. Four years ago the city—with the aid of fish biologists and engineers—began trying to evolve a method of snatching millions of slippery little fish out of a river above a dam and putting them gently back into it below. Last week the city was able to boast that the awful problem was apparently licked.

Though it took years of effort and cost a small fortune, the solution seems simple enough. It is based on the discovery of two traits of sea-bound fingerlings: they tend to swim near the surface of the water and they tend to follow strong currents. Thus it was reasonable to assume that they could be kept out of the turbine blades by locating the intakes to a powerhouse below the strata of water in which they swim; that they could be "skimmed" off the water above the dam by creating a strong artificial surface current, and could then be funneled into a long, gradually inclined pipe and washed down into the lower river. A scale model of the device, tested at the University of Washington Fish Biology Laboratories, has convinced biologists that the method is eminently feasible.



### GOLF ON THE ROCKS

His game becomes  
Magnificent,  
Every time his  
Elbow's bent.

—FRANK O'BRIEN

If so, the Northwest's armies of anglers may be able to go on hauling fresh-caught salmon in their electric stoves for a long, long time.

### DUAL CHALLENGE

WITH virtually the entire horse racing fraternity speculating over the prospects of another meeting of Nashua and Swaps, it was good to see the owners of the two fine champions officially get in the act—as they did last week. From Lexington, where he had just finished playing host to Rex Ellsworth during the Keeneland yearling sales, Leslie Combs II, front man for the Nashua syndicate, announced the eastern champion's late summer and fall racing schedule, and just to make sure that all hands understood what he was talking about Combs topped off the announcement with an obvious challenge to his departed house guest: Here's our schedule, gentlemen. If you want Nashua, come and get us. The schedule calls for four races: the Atlantic City Handicap this week, the Saratoga Handicap Aug. 25, the Woodward Stakes at Belmont Sept. 29 and the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Oct. 13.

Informed of Nashua's racing schedule, Ellsworth issued a few comments of his own from Chicago's Washington Park. He said Swaps was being pointed for the Washington Park Handicap Sept. 3 and the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City Sept. 15. However, Ellsworth, in his first public reference to another match race, had this to add: "... there will be ample time ... this fall, aside from these two events, should Nashua and his interests care to meet Swaps in a special race."

This sort of cross-country talking is all very well, but with Ellsworth and Combs feinting for position SPORTS ILLUSTRATED still maintains that the ideal race in which to bring Nashua and Swaps together—along with the leading 3-year-olds Needles and Fabius and any other deserving runners—would be a special mile-and-a-half invitation event at Belmont some time this fall. In other words, the "Dream Race" (SI, July 30).

This much is apparent: Combs is openly challenging Ellsworth. Ellsworth is challenging Combs. Since both have admitted that they would like to match their colts in a rubber event, it is to be hoped they will get together and agree on a date and place (if not Belmont, why not Garden State?). What an announcement that would be for the racing fan!



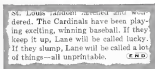
## **THIS IS A MOTORCYCLE?**

Ja, Kinder, das ist e motorcycle, e German motorcycle, called the 'flying deck chair,' and in it is e man, Herman Mueller of Ingolstadt, lying nearly flat on his back as compatriots give him e sterling push for e world-record

run (150 mph) at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. At least count, Mueller and partner Wilhelm Herz had set ten new records in this and similar machines ranging from 100 to 500 cc, registering speeds as high as 210 mph

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHIL BATH

# CARDINAL FANS PUT LANE



St. Louis talent never and wondered. The Cardinals have been playing exciting, winning baseball. If they keep it up, Lane will be called lucky. If they slump, Lane will be called a lot of things—all unprintable. **(END)**

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**LEE WOODCOCK**, of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, representing the Cardinal fans.

**FRANK LANE**, of Busch Stadium, St. Louis, representing Frank Lane.

**LW:** Every time you pick up the paper it seems as if Lane has traded away one of the Cardinals. The fans want to know just what Frank Lane is doing in St. Louis.

**FL:** Now wait a minute. The fans in St. Louis are behind me. The fans who are most critical are the people who never see any Cardinal games. I get letters from all over the country calling me all the names in the book. A guy from California just yesterday said, "How can anyone be so stupid!" In fact, 70% of the letters I receive are from out of town. But I'm not concerned with people in California or Red Eye, Minn. They are synthetic fans. It's the fans in St. Louis and the trade area surrounding it that are paying the freight, and they're the ones I'm concerned with. These people are great. They're coming out to see us. Why, our attendance is 45,000 ahead of what it was last year.

**LW:** That doesn't prove the fans are supporting you. This is a better balanced league this year, and you should be drawing more fans.

**FL:** I know the St. Louis fans. I see them at least four or five times a week at luncheons, speaking engagements and in the stands. Why, I'm out in the



I won't blow my brains out . . . there's some question about my having any brains.



Our pitching? That's what I thought you said. Why do you have to bring that up?

If they feel you're trying to improve. But they're not damn fools. Don't try to cram a humpy dumpty down their throats. The fans around St. Louis tell me they were ready to draw and quarter me when I got rid of Schoendienst, but they've seen Dark play now and know we got a real pro. But those synthetic fans . . .

Why, I remember last week there was a desolate-looking gal in the stands a couple of rows behind me. She was saying things about me all through the first few innings. Then I heard her husband caution her, "Better be careful, he'll hear you." She snapped back, "But I want him to hear me." So I turned around and shouted to her, "You're coming through fine." Then I went up and talked to her. Oh, she was mad at me. She was from out of town and claimed to be a Cardinal rooter all her life. Another synthetic rooter. She kept saying, "But how



Listen, you synthetic fans don't carry the freight. In St. Louis they love me.

bleachers every Sunday, and there'll be a group of 20 or so fans around me asking all sorts of questions. We have regular debates going on. There'll be some on the perimeter of the crowd who can't hear what I'm saying, and they'll shout to me, "Hey Frank, what are you doing to the Cards?" I yell right back at them, "I'll be up to see you in a minute," and then I move on and talk to them.

The fans are tolerant of teams that might not be too artistic on the field

# ON THE SPOT

could you trade Red away for Dark?" It's funny—in New York they couldn't understand how the Giants could trade Dark for Red.

**LW:** Well, what about that Dark-Schoendienst trade?

**FL:** If we didn't make the Dark deal, we're a last-place ball club. We knew Blasingame was Schoendienst's eventual successor at second base and the sooner



Do I look like the sort of guy who would sell Stan Musial? I wish I was as secure.

we could get him there the better. If young Blasingame had been a shortstop, we would never have traded Schoendienst in a million years. But the kid couldn't play short.

Sure, the phones were loaded with outraged protest, but the fans saw Dark play at short and Blasingame look great at second. The thing that turns the tide is winning. In addition to his abilities, Dark gives you great intangibles. We have been playing two second basemen, but now we have a proved shortstop. Red is a helluva ballplayer and a wonderful kid, but he wasn't the take-charge guy Dark is.

**LW:** But what about the rest of the players in the deal? Here you had a great young prospect in Jackie Brandt and traded him off.

**FL:** We didn't want to get rid of Brandt. But the Giants needed him in the deal. They were looking for a good hitting outfielder to bat behind Mays. They took Brandt in the hope of trading him to the Phils for Del Ennis. Brandt wasn't a necessity for the Cards. Sure, he might have helped eventually, and

he might come back to haunt us. But we have awfully good-looking youngsters playing the outfield in the minors, and they'll be up.



Let's see, if I could get Roberts... Philles could use Moon and Boyer... mmm.

**LW:** And Virdon?

**FL:** I would say that that could be the one deal that might make us look bad at the end of the year. There's going to be a comparison of Del Greco and Virdon. It's not the old ballplayers that can make you look bad but the young ones who will be around for years to haunt you. The old ones may go away and have a big year but you know it won't last.

Virdon had not yet built up a following in one year. The fans saw him and questioned how good he was.

If Virdon hits .300 and Del Greco .230, we'll hear about it at the end of the year. But there are still 60 games to go. I needed a right-hand-hitting center fielder, and we felt that Del Greco had a better future than Virdon.

**LW:** Everyone knows the big weakness of the Cardinals is pitching, yet you traded away Lawrence who has won 15 games and Haddix who has won nine. Wouldn't you be in great shape with them on the team?

**FL:** Well, if I had known Lawrence would win 15 games for us, I would never have traded him. You charge me with getting rid of a 15-game-winning pitcher. Well, Lawrence wasn't a 15-game winner for the Cards last year. Our club physician was very concerned over Lawrence's bleeding ulcers. Now we wonder if all our pitchers shouldn't have bleeding ulcers. I still question



How much? ... ouch. Look, I need a hitter, I don't want to buy your ball park.

whether he would have won 15 games pitching for this St. Louis Club.

**LW:** Well, anyway, your pitching is still terrible.

**FL:** Look, I haven't improved the pitching to the extent I'd hoped to. In fact, some people question whether it's improved at all. But at least we knew we had to try. In spring training, we were getting good pitching. But Haddix was no good at all. I had been told by people in the organization as far back as October not to count on Haddix. I never second-guess myself on deals. If you do, you never make other deals. I'm not concerned with the guys I got rid of. Just the ones I've got.

**LW:** Last spring you gave out glowing accounts of the Cardinals' finishing third this year, and you sounded as if you really expected them to win the pennant.

**FL:** Like I said, the pitching looked good in spring training. But that's deceptive.

**LW:** Why all those old pitchers like Dickson, Kinder and Wehmeier that you have picked up?

**FL:** We wanted to improve this club's pitching immediately. We have some good young pitchers in the farm system, but they are a few years away. Sometimes you trade for pitchers to fill an immediate need. They can give you a breather while the kids develop. I got Dickson for his pitching maturity, and Wehmeier may yet reach the maturity expected of him ever since he broke in. I signed Kinder for a definite purpose; I was hopeful he would get us off the ground at the beginning of the season. The Cardinals had a lot of good young players in spring training, but it wasn't a team. You just

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## THE BLUEBOOK GOES TO SEA

The distinguished burgee of the New York Yacht Club, whose membership list is practically a blue-book of sailing, to say nothing of industry and finance, rippled over East Coast waters from Newport to Gloucester last week as an impressive array of 70-odd yachts participated in the club's annual nine-day cruise. At the Captains' Meeting in Newport before the races began (below), members cheered news of the proposed renewal of America's Cup competition

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ROSENFIELD



**COMMODORE HENRY SEARS** (arms folded, right) describes plans for America's Cup revival in 1958 when competition will be among 12-meter class (70-72 feet) boats.



**COMMODORE G. E. ROOSEVELT**, financier and skipper of *Mississ*, chats



**COMMODORE SEARS** (left), partner in Henry Sears & Co. and skipper of sloop



**COMMODORE DeCoursey Fales** (left), banker, lawyer and skipper of *Niña*, greets





with Mrs. DeCoursey Fales, wife of owner of famed *Niffa* which won division honors.



**CRUISE RACE** committee includes (from left) Fred B. Duizell Jr., Julian K. Roosevelt, John S. Dickerson Jr., Willis M. Fanning, E. Jared Bliss Jr., George Lauder.



*Actess*, talks shop with owner of *Djinn*, Henry S. Morgan, son of late J. P. Morgan.



**HOST COMMODORE** George E. Warren (center) of Newport welcomes Yachtsmen Cutler Codfrey (left) and Gerald Ford who sailed on Edward T. Rice's *Mosette*.



John Dickerson Jr., Chairman of the New York Club's Race Committee for the cruise.



**YACHT DESIGNER** John Alden (left) with A. Howard Fuller, president of Fuller Brush Co. and skipper of *Gesture*, which finished first in Class A on corrected time.



GEORGE E. ROOSEVELT'S SCHOONER "MISTRESS" (LEFT) STARTS HER SHEETS AS SHE ROUNDS WINDWARD MARK IN BUZZARDS BAY REGATTA



ATOP MAST, "GOOD NEWS" CREWMAN CLEARS SPINNAKER



EDMUND KELLEY JR.'S "DEPARTURE II" (FOREGROUND) RUNS ON BROAD REACH

ARTHUR B. TIGHE JR.'S "STEEL SYLPH" SETS SPINNAKER TO EASY BREEZE IN PERFECT SAILING WEATHER ►



# A NINE-POINT PROGRAM TO SAVE THE GAME

by HERMAN HICKMAN

Summing up a nationwide survey of college presidents, athletic directors, coaches and alumni, the editors of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** here present a program for action

IN ALL of college football's crises, past and present, the alumnus has generally been given a villainous role. Oldtime caricatures used to picture him as a bloated capitalist type in the best tradition of Communist cartoons of Wall Street tycoons, buying and selling players for the greater glory of his Alma Mater. In later years he has grown younger; in fact, he is even accused of being sophomoric. He has also been reinforced by the booster, the "synthetic alumnus" who adopts a school and becomes its vociferous and/or bountiful supporter. But, as usual, he is supposed to be the power behind the scenes, the man with the money who can wink at the rules, the fellow to whom victory on the football field is the final meaning of the old college spirit, the *ultima Thule* to which the coach, desperate for winning players, can appeal.

Last week, in the first part of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s survey of the college football crisis, the alumnus took his share of the licking in the opinions delivered by college presidents, athletic directors and coaches. So, now let's take a look at the alumni, see just how they operate and hear what they have to say.

Right away, it's clear that they are well organized. Canvassing the country and the conferences, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** found alumni clubs and booster organizations in just about every major football town, and all of them had a going program for helping football players, as well as other athletes and deserving students, to get through college. It is also clear from the survey

that most of them feel that what they are doing is right and just and necessary, under the circumstances. The prevailing sentiment seems to be: "The football player cannot play, and study, and work for his tuition all at the same time. There simply aren't enough hours in the day, and so it's plain that he has to have help."

Beyond that, opinions vary. Let's listen to some of them.

Perhaps the embattled Pacific Coast Conference is the best place to start. Here, under the PCC code, athletic scholarships are not permitted; assistance is in form of grants-in-aid, jobs

and the so-called 75-40 formula—\$75 per month in legal help, \$40 under the table. And the alumni are bitterly in accord on one major point in the current football scandal: "There is nothing wrong in giving aid to the fine football player. The only wrong has been perpetrated by the administrators who have completely failed to face up to the realities of the situation and make the operation aboveboard."

It is on the record now that alumni organizations and booster clubs in the PCC have given aid considerably above conference rules to football players at various colleges in recent years. For example:

According to records presented by J. Miller Leavy, UCLA alumnus and assistant district attorney, the Southern California Educational Foundation disbursed \$71,235 during the last two years. Broken down, this figure to be an average of \$45 in illegal aid per month per man at the University of Southern California, according to PCC Commissioner Victor O. Schmidt.

The records of UCLA's nonprofit group, the Young Men's Club of Westwood, showed that over a three-year period beginning in 1952 the club spent \$189,192 in aid to athletes. In 1954 alone the club disbursed \$84,009. Some of this money went to secretaries' salaries, transportation and entertainment of prospective athletes, season tickets for members and so on, but all in all, according to Commissioner Schmidt, it figured out to about \$40 a month in illegal aid to athletes.

Where does the money come from? Robert B. Campbell, president of the



FIFTY YEARS AGO the overemphasis on football was caricatured by the old *Life* in this forecast of "The College President When Football Comes Into Its Own."

## TWO VIEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST SCANDAL



**TODAY'S** bitter differences in the embattled PCC are mirrored in the San Francisco *Chronicle* cartoon (right) showing, in



pro-administration terms, football as the golden calf; and the Los Angeles *Examiner* (left) which reflects opinions of those who

believe that inept faculty supervision was responsible for the troubles which ultimately wrecked California's biggest teams.

Young Men's Club of Westwood and a contributor to student aid for 32 years, reported as follows:

"Personal contributions vary. In the early days of UCLA they weren't much, but of late they've been considerable. Let's call \$500 a nice round figure."

### A JOB FOR RALPH BUNCHE

"I've helped students since 1924 when our store was across the street from what is now Los Angeles City College and was called University of California, Southern Branch. I had to create a job for my first student-athlete. I bumped my janitor into a sales job I had no need for in order to put Ralph Bunche to work. He's the same Ralph Bunche who is now Undersecretary of the United Nations. I don't think our little boost hurt any."

"In granting aid, we consider all factors, especially scholarship. If the boys who apply haven't got grades, there's no hope at UCLA. We base our assistance on need. If need doesn't exist, they don't get it. We also give scholarship aid to nonathletes who run into financial problems and would otherwise have to leave school. The majority of our football players graduate. We average about 14 seniors a year,

and 12 of them receive degrees at the end of four years."

"The money comes from individuals. The PCC doesn't permit the university to channel the funds. That's the fault. We offered in 1951 to have the institutions handle all funds and provide athletic scholarships in line with the rest of the conferences. They ignored us."

There, it seems, is the real rub in the PCC: the strong feeling on the part of the alumni organizations and the booster clubs that the conference administrators will not permit a practical solution to the subsidization problem in the form of funds channeled through the universities themselves. There were some emphatic voices on the subject. Said Paul Wellman, the author of such best-selling historical novels as *The Chain* and *The Walls of Jericho* and a UCLA booster since September 1944:

"Our goal is to channel all funds through the university. So far we've failed to reach the PCC fathers on this count. This is beside the point, but may I add that our conference has been smashed by nine old, self-indulgent men who don't know what it's all about and don't care to learn. It's awful to give that amount of power to

such a bunch of small, narrow, biased men. You can quote me on that."

"Have the administrative authorities realized that football or athletic competition is big league and as necessary as laboratories and lecture halls? The conferences have got to get together and create a national code of assistance based on three square meals a day, a clean place to sleep and study, tuition, fees, books, all on a uniform level, all over the United States. Then the big part of our so-called troubles will be cured."

Jim Hardy, 1945 graduate of Southern California, two-time Rose Bowl hero and professional star with the Los Angeles Rams, the Chicago Cardinals and the Detroit Lions, echoes

*continued on next page*

\*The nine old men to whom Mr. Wellman refers compose the Faculty Athletic Representatives of the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Athletic Conference's nine member institutions. They are: Glenn T. Seaborn, professor of chemistry, University of California; Joseph Kaplan, professor of physics, UCLA; Orlando John Holm, dean of the School of Law, University of Oregon; Glenn W. Holmstrom, professor of structural engineering, Oregon St. College; Hugh C. Wadlett, director of archives, USC; Ralston K. Snyder, director of admissions, professor of history, Stanford; Donald H. White, professor of law, University of Washington; Kenneth R. Moore, professor of civil engineering, Washington State; Ernest W. Wohlsch, dean of the College of Forestry, University of Idaho.

## FOOTBALL CRISIS

continued from page 27

these sentiments. An insurance agent in Los Angeles today, Hardy believes firmly in the athletic scholarship and high scholastic standings:

"I advocate keeping everything within academic bounds. The guy who gives you academic trouble is the guy who'll leave you flat in the clutch on Saturday. Make 'em get grades or boot 'em out."

### NO FANCY FEES

"I've lost all hope for the PCC. I'm disappointed—no, disgusted with the men who are running this thing. They are all vindictive, hypocritical men too small to ever be placed in the position of such authority over human lives. They have set a far worse example by their actions than the athletic men whom they have judged and chastised. Athletes don't ask fancy fees for their talents, only an education. Don't try to make 'em pros. Just give 'em a free education. No convertibles, no cash—just education. The boy can earn money in the summers for cars, dates and clothes. The only fit solution is what many term ugly: the athletic scholarship—board, room, tuition, books, fees, laundry but not one dollar in cash."

Further north in the PCC, football is still reeling from the scandal of the Roseme (Torrey) Torrance slush fund (SI, Feb. 20), which led to the University of Washington's football misery. In the wake of this upheaval, feeling is also strong that all money should now be channeled through universities' athletic departments. But there was defiance just the same. As one alumnus—like most in this touchy area, he preferred to remain anonymous—put it: "Under present conference regulations, I think such a fund is necessary. Ours was mishandled by Torrey, but it did a lot of good just the same."

Another, who contributes to Washington's legal grant-in-aid fund and was also a contributor to the Torrance fund, sadly concurred:

"This whole football thing has become confused. Because of so much publicity, there seems to be a sort of stigma attached to helping a kid through school. The feeling seems to have got around that a man is a crook because he helps an athlete to get an education."

"In some ways" this alumnus concluded, "I think Red Sanders at UCLA was the most honest guy of all. He

saw to it that his football players got enough extra over the conference allowance to live on. Of course, it was illegal as far as the conference was concerned, and that's wrong. But he tried to see that everybody was treated the same."

So much for the PCC, that besieged citadel of grants-in-aid and the dollar honestly earned. What is the situation elsewhere, where the football-frantic alumnus must work through the universities if he wants to express his enthusiasm through donations?

Here lies the area of the athletic scholarship, the "free ride," which provides tuition, room, board, books, fees and up to \$15 per month for incidentals. It is, to judge by the answers

### GEORGIA TECH ALUMNUS ROBERT L. WILBY

"If some of these 'tophermoric' alumni would grow up, put the value of their school above the value of victory, consider victory as something other than personal achievement, that would be the first improvement. Take the emphasis off winning. Eliminate national ratings. Put coaches on indefinite tenure and not base their security on winning or losing. At Tech, for instance, we've had three coaches in 50 years."

received to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's questionnaire, a far more satisfactory arrangement—but still inadequate. Many of the alumni clubs and booster organizations questioned stated their belief that more help, usually in cash form by individual alumni, was needed—and forthcoming.

In the great majority of cases the athletic scholarships are administered through the university, usually the athletic department. The money for them is raised by annual dues, and is presented either in the form of a direct donation, or used to pay the bills sent by the university for the items covered by the scholarship. The question arises: Who gets this aid—both scholarship and cash—and on what basis?

The question can be disposed of in short order. The president of a prominent southwestern booster club, who asked that his name be withheld, succinctly expressed the prevalent practice: "The athlete is judged on the basis of whether the coach tells us he wants him or not."

The organization for which this man spoke is dedicated "99%" to giving aid to football players, both in scholarships and individual help by individ-

ual members. In defending the practice, he added:

"It is perfectly ridiculous to think that boys at our university or any other school can get along on \$10 a month. Over a period of a year I have given a boy a couple of hundred dollars in gradual amounts—never did I give a boy a check for over \$35 at a time. But instead of giving \$10, which the conference rules permit, it should be \$50. Say you have 40 boys. That's \$2,000 a month, or \$18,000 a year. If you give the football boys \$50 you have to give the others something. Say the total in all sports comes to \$50,000 a year. A stadium seats 70,000. It is filled several times a year. What is \$50,000 under those circumstances?"

"A fair and realistic outlook at the liberalization of cash allowances to boys on scholarships would improve the situation immensely. A boy can't live on \$10 a month in the Southwest Conference or elsewhere. Therefore they are driven to ask for additional funds if they are to have any entertainment at all."

In fairness it must be said that not all in the Southwest Conference subscribe to this opinion. In Houston, Stone Wells, member of Baylor University's board of trustees, said:

"We were one of the first to realize that a boy cannot hold a job and play football, and we planned our athletic aid program accordingly."

"The money to aid our athletes comes from the Bear Club, consisting of Baylor alumni and friends. The membership is \$50 yearly. Bear Club money is channeled to the athletic department, which in turn handles the tuition with the university."

### GOOD SUMMER JOBS

"I don't think the football player is as bad off as he is pictured. True, they get only \$10 a month spending money in this conference. But most of the kids get good summer jobs. It is the practice at many schools to have alumni buy tickets from the players. It is not uncommon to pay \$15 or \$20 for a ticket. With their summer jobs and what they're getting on tickets, the boys aren't starving."

How about those summer jobs? D. Harold Byrd, oil operator and strong supporter of the University of Texas and its booster group, the Longhorn Club, is a fairly typical source of jobs. He says:

"I'm one of the better proselytizers for the University of Texas in this area and I don't know of a single boy who



**USC ALUMNUS HARDY** favors "keeping everything within academic bounds."



**TEXAS BOOSTER BYRD** is believer in athletic scholarships and good summer jobs.



**UCLA BOOSTER WELLMAN** hits the FCC superstars as "small, narrow, biased."

was ever paid anything under the table to go to Texas. I've got five boys working for me this summer and I have boys working for me every summer in the oil fields, or at Temco, or in uranium mining; but those boys work hard for what they make and they get paid the going rate for the job they do. I think it's a mistake to pay a boy and not make him work for it, for two reasons: 1) it's very poor business, and 2) you'll have 50 boys looking for an easy job next summer.

"I think," Byrd added, "sometimes we're too strict in judging a boy. We have lost some good prospects because they couldn't show good enough grades to get in Texas or couldn't pass the entrance exams. They've got to be good boys to get in on a scholarship, but I think we might get tutors for some of them."

The arrangement in the Southwest Conference generally, in Byrd's opinion, is "perfect," but the strain under which even the most perfect of setups sometimes labored showed up in his concluding words. "If the University of Oklahoma keeps raiding us," he said, "we're going to have to do something. I think it isn't right for them to ask a boy to break a letter of intent he has signed to go to a Texas school, like they did the other day with Mike Dowdle, a boy who has signed a letter of intent at Texas and who has worked for me all summer."

What's the sort of thing that alumni and boosters like Byrd might feel they have to do in such cases? He didn't say, but a case in point, that of Claude King, a 17-year-old halfback from Vicksburg, Miss., illustrates the problem. Young King signed a grant-in-aid

with the University of Mississippi last December, but subsequently changed his mind in favor of the University of Houston. The reason? Summer jobs. He is working now for the Quintana Petroleum Company, owned by H. R. Cullen, chairman of the board of regents at the University of Houston, washing, waxing and generally taking care of the company's three airplanes. Mississippi, he said, had offered him a job, "but it didn't appeal to me. It didn't pay much, just \$1.20 an hour."

How much, he was asked, does his job in Houston pay?

"I'm making," said young King, "\$2.60 an hour."

#### TENDERLOIN GOES HIGH

This sort of situation, of course, rips em like fruit on the tree every year when recruitment time rolls around in football country. Many of the stories about the "tenderloin" players who receive new convertibles, paid-up endowment policies, money paid to their parents to get rid of the mortgage on the old homestead are fanciful or exaggerated creations. But there's a germ of truth, nonetheless. "Recruiting," said an old coach looking up from the dregs of his despair one day, "is as many-sided as sin." Unlike sin, however, the virtuous can't simply be against it. Recruiting has developed out of big-time football as surely as the forward pass and winged-T: all colleges recruit players in one way or another, and, properly handled, it can be of real service to the high school football player who not only has ambitions to be an outstanding college athlete but is seriously interested in an education.

But there are excesses in this area, and in the final analysis the burden of responsibility for proper recruitment practices must be placed on the head coach. As Don Faurot said in the first part of this study: "I feel that the worst thing about college football is not what the colleges themselves do but what the coaches ask the alumni to do in the way of buying athletes for their schools. . . . The alumni are merely tools in the coaches' hands and never recruit a boy that the coaches do not want."

In all our major institutions recruitment is a big operation. Football coaches subscribe to newspapers all over the country. Usually assistant coaches are assigned various sections. Scrapbooks are faithfully kept on every star high school player in his particular section. He knows the various high school coaches in his assigned area; he often speaks at the football banquets (for free) and sometimes when there is a real "tenderloin" prospect hanging in the balance the head coach will be brought in. If the college is national in scope prominent alumni will be assigned to a particular player or school. If the institution does not have a widespread alumni representation, then "bird dogs" will be hired to check the merits of the various players and later to bring a few earloads to the campus for a visit. Bird dogs are usually high school coaches who are glad to pick up the extra money acting as scouts for material and also possibly form a good contact with an institution for a future coaching job. Many assistant college coaches got their jobs because they happen to have a fast halfback or two

continued on page 59



BEFORE THE START OF THE TRIP WRANGLERS EXPERTLY PACK BALANCED PANNIERS OF EQUIPMENT ON STURDY PACK HORSES

## PACKED FOR PLEASURE

On Hope Williams' luxurious pack trip into the Wyoming Rockies socialite friends "rough it" in champagne and venison style

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL

EVERY SUMMER New York Actress Hope Williams packs up her city belongings and takes off for her Deer Creek ranch in the Absaroka Range of the Wyoming Rockies. There, in a friendly way ("I only take friends and friends of friends"), she runs a dude ranch. Her guests include the Lunts, Tallulah Bankhead and former Air Secretary Harold Talbott.

Behind the ranch 4 million acres of virgin territory have been officially designated wilderness and it is here, amid rugged mountain passes and lush forests, where the 20th century is prohibited by law, that Miss Williams stages the highlight event of Deer Creek ranch life—a pack trip. For 16 days guests

pack into the back country on horseback to camp and fish for trout in privately stocked streams and to rough it in a very smooth way. Four to six guests, accompanied by a guide-wrangler and a cook, usually make up the party which camps out in two-man tents furnished with collapsible heating stoves, tables, chairs and beds and eider-down sleeping bags. Miss Williams supplies steaks, hams, fresh trout and, in season, roasts of venison and even bear to assuage the hearty appetites of tired but happy guests. One of them, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Toni Frissell, captured the beauty and moods of this memorable jaunt in the photographs and words on the following pages.

INTO THE MOUNTAINS the pack string threads its careful way along the south fork of the Shoshone River. Though the going isn't fast, trails are well marked and maintained by the Forest Service, making it quite safe to penetrate the roughest country.







**AS THE CLIMB STEEPENS,** the going gets rougher and the ponies have to stop easy. On one side the mountain rises vertically, on the other it falls away to the valley and Shoshone River below. Guide Art Holman leads the string, followed by Amanda Daffy



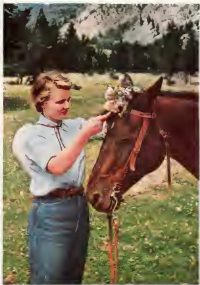
A GOOD REST comes at the end of the first day in the enchanted meadow 7,500 feet up. Around camp this place is better known as Moose Bog because the moose stand around looking at you

at night. Relaxing around the campfire enjoying a cup of hot coffee are (left to right) Amanda Duffy, Mrs. and Mr. John Sturgis, Nicky Hawes, Guide Frankie Lasater and Dorene Howard.

THOSE WHO WANT TO ROUGH IT can wash up in ice-cold mountain streams, but most, like John Sturgis and Amanda Duffy below, prefer to use bowl of heated water perched on logs.



BONNET FOR MISS MOUSE, the horse, is made by Nicky Hawes from profusion of mountain flowers—wild pink and blue lupine, buttercups and others which carpet all the meadows.





FOR THE ANGLER there are meadow streams which are well stocked by the state with plenty of eastern brook trout. Mrs. John Sturges, braving the threatening rain, can't resist the lure of trying to catch one from the fast-running waters of Bliss Creek.



A CAMPFIRE LUNCH in the rain follows the good fishing, and here Dairde Howard, wearing a man-size shelter and an old weather-beaten hat adorned with her favorite fishing flies, goes about the serious business of cleaning and preparing a freshly caught trout.



**DAY'S BEGINNING** is at 5 a.m., when the wranglers round up the horses and bring them in. Most of the time it is an easy task, but occasionally the horses wander. They are not hobbled in this country. The lead horse wears a bell so that he can be found easily.



**DAY'S END** finds the campers tired but happy. They have eaten a good meal and now, as night falls and the sun's last rays reach out and touch the peaks of Hard Luck Mountain behind them, only the fascination of the fire keeps them from their sleeping bags.



# THINK

© Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, O., Detroit, MI, St. Louis, Mo.

...and you'll drink

## Red Cap



**FIRST**, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

**NEXT**, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only fine ale can give.

**NOW**, think of them both together. That's RED CAP—the light-hearted ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

*I am thinking . . .*

*so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .*

Carling's **RED CAP** Ale



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S





# SCOREBOARD

## ... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



**Herbert P. (Bert) Williams**, 270-pound Chicago coal distributor who has been selling Stearns since 1928, gained U.S. Olympic berth in that class by skipping Keltchen to victory over nine rival craft off Atlantic Highlands, N.J.



**Jim Laker**, Surrey cricketer, broke three world marks in spin-bowling England to fourth-match victory over Australia. Shrugged Laker: "If the sun hadn't come out we should have been struggling. . . the wicket was like an unhelpful pudding."

### RECORD BREAKERS

**Private Willie Williams**, former NCAA sprint champion, barreled up rain-drenched crushed-belt track in West Berlin's massive Olympic stadium where Jesse Owens amazed world in 1936, broke Owens' 20-year-old world 100-meters-dash record for second time in 72 hours with a 10.1 clocking. Williams had previously bettered long-standing mark of 10.2 in preliminary heat of international military meet. **PFC Ira Marchison**, who, unlike Williams, had qualified for U.S. Olympic team, equal record in semis, finished second in final.

**William Hera**, 46, and **Herman P. Mueller**, 44, German motorcyclists (see page 15) pushed their machines across Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats in week-long assault on world records. Hera roared his NSF 500-cc bike through 200-mph barrier over measured mile for average speed of 210.6 mph to break old mark by 25 mph (Aug. 3). Other marks: By Hera—1 km, 210 mph; 5 miles, 203 mph; 5 kms, 209 mph. By Mueller—1 km and 1 mile, 138 mph; 5 kms, 187 mph; 5 miles, 187 mph, all for 100-cc motor; 1 mile and 1 km, 159 mph, riding 125-cc bikes.

**John J. Homan**, 28, piloted his CU raceboat over five-mile course on Choptank River during Cambridge (Md.) regatta to set world record of 43.499 mph (Aug. 4).

### BASEBALL

**Brooklyn** closed to within two games of league-leading Milwaukee in steaming Na-

tional League pennant race (see page 6), taking three of four in tense series with Braves, three of four from St. Louis as Maglie and Newcombe tossed shutouts, and Duke Snider continued long-range hitting with five homers. Milwaukee recovered from Dodger debacle to win three of four from slumping Pirates but Cincinnati slipped to third behind Dodgers, dropping a pair to both Giants and Phillies. Later continued slow, steady march through second division as Roberts shed his slump, pitched three straight victories.

**New York**, after opening in Cleveland with awesome 13-6 victory, fell into worst slump of season, dropping next three to Indians, three more to ailing Tigers despite five Mantle homers. Indians, however, failed to make up ground, losing three straight to Red Sox, remained seven games behind. Boston with heavy hitting from Williams and Jensen staged five-game winning streak to climb within game-and-a-half of Cleveland. Washington had best week of year, taking five of six, pulled away from cellar-anchored Kansas City.

### BOXING

**Harold Carter**, young New Jersey heavyweight, waded into Bob Satterfield, fragile apple of IBC Secretary Truman K. Gibson's eye, put him down twice in fifth round at Syracuse, had him dropping for third time when referee stopped fight. Satterfield's afterthought: "Maybe I fought him wrong."

**Joey Giambra**, left-hooking Buffalo mid-

dweight, pursued a clinching, scampering Rocky Castellani for 10 rounds, overtook him often enough to gain unanimous decision at Madison Square Garden. No sooner had Joey won than Promoter Doc Kearns proposed Robinson-Giambra title match at Toronto, his newly brought-in money well.

**Floyd Patterson's** proposed heavyweight title bout with **Archie Moore** was pushed back indefinitely by cautious seven-man board of physicians who examined X-rays of his healing right hand, decided he wouldn't be ready by September. Disappointed Patterson, who had been using hand on light and heavy bags and doing some light boxing, reported no pain.

### TENNIS

**Hamilton Richardson**, 22-year-old Rhodes Scholar, combined booming serve and near-flawless net game to defeat Mexico's Mario Limas 6-3, 6-3, 6-1 in third singles match and assure U.S. of victory in American Zone Davis Cup final at Rye, N.Y. Mexico's Cuppers had extended U.S. when doubles team of Llanas and Francisco Contreras outlasted youngsters Sam Giammalva and Barry MacKay 11-13, 6-4, 1-6, 8-6, 6-3, U.S. won other singles contests; Richardson beating Contreras, Vic Seixas overpowering Llanas and Giammalva taking Estaban Reyes (see page 47).

**Richard (Pancho) Gonzales** used game's biggest serve to overwhelm Australia's Frank Sedgman 9-7, 3-6, 6-1, to win Jack continued on next page

## FOCUS ON THE DEED



**SWINGING** as of old, Joe DiMaggio takes turn at bat in Los Angeles Old Timer's game.



**CATCHING** sizzling drive off Australian bat, English cricketer (left) shows hazards of cricket's version of Mantle Shift which helped England retain "Ashes" in Test Matches against Aussies.



**HOISTING** lumber, Ren Kramer, star Michigan end, proves he's working way through school.

# SCOREBOARD



**Istvan Rozsnyóczy**, scrawny (5 foot 9 inch, 129 pounds) Hungarian army captain, lowered world 1,500-meter run record to 3:40.4 (equivalent of 3:57 mile) despite stiff wind, at Olympic training camp near Budapest (Aug. 3).



**Steve Bilko**, beely Los Angeles Angels first baseman, who is leading the Pacific Coast League with 46 home runs, had whopping price tag of \$300,000 placed on him by Angel president John Holland in reply to several big league offers.



**Tommy Kono**, Hawaiian weight lifter, hoisted 295 pounds overhead in two-hand press at Oahu's Schofield Barracks, exceeding the world middleweight standard of Rozsnyóczy's S. Bogdanovsky by one-and-a-half pounds (Aug. 5).

Kremer's \$7,500 Masters professional round-robin tournament at Los Angeles.

**Red Laver**, 17-year-old left-hander and first Aussie to compete in national junior singles, beat Chris Crawford in straight sets for title at Kalamazoo, Mich., portended further bloom for future U.S. Davis Cup prospects.

## HORSE RACING

**Dedicate**, game 4-year-old bay son of Princequillo, rallied under jockey Eddie Aracero's bat at 16th pole for head victory over Midatlantico in mile-and-three-sixteenths, \$37,500 Brooklyn Handicap at Jamaica. Said Aracero: "The dude [an Araceroism for horse] was really rolling at the finish."

Two of the year's upsets came in featured races at Washington Park. **Ben A. Jones** beat **Swoon's Son** by four lengths in \$27,475 Sheridan Handicap, and **Needles**, in first start on turf, found six-furlong distance unsuitable, finished last as **Burnt Child** set new American turf mark of 1:09 4/5.

## GOLF

**E. J. (Dutch) Harrison**, 46-year-old Arkansas circuit veteran, took putting lessons after first two rounds ("You're never too old to learn"), fired 67 on final 18 to overtake Earl Stewart, win \$25,000 All-American tourney at Tam O'Shanter with 278 strokes. Canceled victory: "I want to thank everybody... for playing so badly." Other Tam winners: Louise Suggs, women's pro, 301; James Hickey, men's amateur, 296; Wanda Sanchez, women's amateur, 315.

## MOTORBOATING

**Lt. Col. Russell Schless**, USAF, piloted Bill Waggoner's **Shanty I** over washboard surface of Lake Washington at record pace of 109.99 mph to win \$25,000 Seafair Trophy and National Unlimited Hydroplane championship before estimated 300,000 spectators at Seattle. Second place went to veteran Gold Cup winner **Sio-Mo-Shun IV**, as only 3 of 6 starters finished.

## AUTO RACING

**Juan Manuel Fangio** of Argentina gunned red Ferrari into lead at start of 312-mile German Grand Prix, guided it to victory through tricky (3,878 curves) Nürburgring course without a pit stop at record-breaking speed of 55.62 mph. Points for win gave Fangio lead in bid for unprecedented fourth world driving championship.

## WALKING

**Henry Laskau**, 39-year-old New York YMHA hood-and-loot, won ninth consecutive National AAU 10,000-meter walking championship by 150 yards from John Allen, Buffalo cigar salesman, over twisting cross-country course at Westbury, N.Y. Laskau was timed in 47:58.

## MILEPOST

**DIED**—**Joseph (Baker Boy) Mandel**, 65, lightweight boxer and favorite of New Orleans' French Quarter, who fought five world champions in career (1908-22); of probable drowning, at New Orleans.

## FOR THE RECORD

### BOATING

**BLAKE COW II**, skippered by Malcolm MacNaught, Hopkins, Mass. Atlantic Coast Interclub 110 championship with 10th place, Lynchburg, N.Y. **JERRY THOMPSON** Long Beach Calif. Junior National Sports championships, Long Beach, Calif. **BRYAN R. POPE & LONNIE J. KARPATZICK**, Catalina, 81, a 658-mile Mississippi River marathon, in 47 1/2, St. Louis. **DICK O'DONNELL**, Little Egg Harbor, N.J. Atlantic Coast Lightning championships, Bay Head, N.J.

### BOXING

**PASCUAL PEREZ**, 5 round TKO over Ricardo Velazquez, Rosarito, Toluca, Argentina. **CARLOS BERT**, 10 round decision over Tommy Salvo, Ichthyophages, New York. **RALPH (TIGER) JONES**, 10 round decision over Jesse Turner, midtown, Portland, Ore. **CARMELO COSTA** 10-round draw with **PAUL JOHNSON**, featherweights, Houston, Texas.

### CANOEING

**ALBERT GORETTI & OLIVIA DUNSMIE**, La Touche, Que. over Tom Ellis & Jimi Falcato, Moncton, N.S., 190-m international St. Maurice Regatta race, in 11:44, Sherbrooke Falls, Que.

### CYCLING

**AL STILLER**, Chicago, 50 mile national championship, Patchen, N.Y.

### HORSE RACING

**QANOMARVA** \$17,500 Champion Handicap 5 1/2, by protest after disqualification of Blue Speckles, Jamaica, N.Y. **Bob Ussery** as **KING GEAR**, \$17,400 Clinch Stakes, 3 1/8 m. by neck, in 1:45 4/5, Monmouth Pk., N.J. 1st Stakes race up.

### SOCCER

**JUDY TORO**, Abilene, Texas & **JIM MILLER**, Evans, La. All-Round titles, National High School Soccer, Reno.

### TENNIS

**ROY THOMPSON**, Australia, over Guat Salas, Chicago, 6-4, 6-1, 4-6, 6-4, Southern invitation tournament, Southampton N.Y. **LEW HADD**, Australia, over Orlando Smith, Italy, 6-2, 5-7, 6-4, 6-1, German International tournament, Bamberg.



**CLUMPING** around Hong Kong, Sgt. Jones and daughter Hazel finish 41-mile walk.



**JABBING** at Sparring Mate Johnny Williams for benefit of disabled veterans, former light-heavyweight Champ Freddie Mills puts on exhibition in front of Buckingham Palace.



**SPEEDING** Willie Williams beats Ira Murchison for new world 100-meter dash record at Berlin (see above).

A handful of Westchester pilgrims saw the U.S. Davis Cup win over Mexico, enlivened by a guitar and some

## LATIN-TYPE TENNIS

THE WESTCHESTER Country Club occupies 350 lush acres in the heart of the richest country in the world. Fancy limousines ring it like a necklace of precious jewels. Anything short of a Cadillac is out of character.

Last weekend staid, expensive Westchester got a new kind of kick—Davis Cup tennis with a Latin rhythm.

The Mexican players assembled a half hour before match time each day under a broad oak and sang folk songs while a pretty Mexican señorita attending Manhattanville College, Maria Angelica Garza, strummed on a guitar (see picture below).

At the opening ceremonies the Mexican national anthem was played once, then apparently again and then again. U.S. Lawn Tennis Association officials looked around nervously, wondering if the needle had stuck. Then finally the end came. "I don't think they knew when to stop," commented one of the Mexican delegation.

Ball boys created another contretemps. Sons of club members, with no previous ball-hawking experience, they failed to keep the balls at the back of the court on the side of the server. Once Umpire Lou Shaw called them over for a public dressing down.

Although this was an international event in an area with a population of millions, uncomfortable stands were built for only a few guests—400 at the most—which were never filled.

"A grammar school match in Australia would draw better," dolefully commented Cliff Sproule, manager of the traveling Australian team.

The crowd was treated to flashy and interesting play—not the best in the world—while the Mexicans brought a lot of charm, as well as tennis, to the Zone final. They excited the crowd with their catlike retrieving, deft shot-making and exclamations.

"Déjalo!" Contreras and Llamas yelled at each other during the doubles. This is Spanish for "Leave it alone."

Other times they'd urge each other

on with a "¡Vamos!" or "Let's go!"; and Contreras would greet winning shots with "¡Bless the ball!" in plain English.

We started well. In the first singles Vic Seixas, lean and tanned, a superb athlete for all his 32 years, turned back Llamas, the stocky, bow-legged Mexican with the Charlie Chaplin mustache, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4. This is Seixas' sixth Davis Cup campaign, and I have never seen him play better.

In the second singles match Hamilton Richardson, a five-year Davis Cup veteran at 22, beat 22-year-old Francisco Contreras 6-3, 6-4, 6-4. Richardson is a bridegroom of less than three weeks. Recently it appeared that he

had reached his peak and would never get better. His play against the Mexicans—and against the Canadians the week before—contradicts this theory thoroughly. His service was strong and accurate and gave confidence to the rest of his game. He moved with a sureness he never had before, especially on the volley.

After the two opening singles victories, our complacency was rocked by Mexico's doubles victory. Llamas and Contreras, teaming well, beat our "kids," Sam Giammalva and Barry MacKay. It was a gamble playing the youngsters, but it's one we had to take to build for the future.

Richardson came back on the final day to clinch the series with an easy 6-3, 6-3, 6-1 victory over Llamas.

In the last singles Giammalva, substituted for Seixas, played splendidly in beating Estaban Reyes, the 19-year-old Mexican comer, 6-4, 6-1, 6-3.

The analysis of our weekend rendezvous with the Mexicans is this: we won't abandon our youth movement in tennis, but we'll have to stick with our experienced boys when the chips are down—and they will be when we meet the Italians at the interzone final at Forest Hills Sept. 28-30. (END)



**PRE-GAME WARMUP** favored by Mexicans Pancho Contreras and Mario Llamas was rhythmic guitar music supplied by a pretty compatriot attending nearby college.

BOATING

by EZRA BOWEN

# OLYMPIC SAILING

## A PREVIEW

**American yachtsmen enter the final eliminations to decide who will sail for the U.S. against the best in the world at Melbourne**

FOR MORE than a year now, eliminations for the 11-man U.S. Olympic sailing team have been going on around the country; and by the 16th of August, when the 5.5-Meter trials end at Marion, Mass., the team will be complete. The Dragon class trials were sailed off 13 months ago in Port Townsend, Wash., and the skipper, Gene Walet (see page 46), long since chosen. In the 12-Square-Meter Sharpies (page 44) Eric Olsen of Essex, Conn., with Stan Renahan as crew, made the team May 29 by winning a seven-race series for which Jolly boats were used because there are no Sharpies in this country. Last week at Atlantic Highlands, N.J., Herbert P. Williams and Larry Low won in the Stars. There now remain only the 5.5-Meter trials beginning at Marion Aug. 10, and the Finn monotype trials at Ottawa Aug. 12-15.

The races at Ottawa are a replay of the Finn finals, held originally at Marion June 14. In those eliminations, also sailed in Fireflies since the U.S. has no Finns either, young Tom Hazelhurst of Brown University outmaneuvered his more experienced rivals to win by a quarter of a point. However, the first four finishers were so tightly bunched

and the light winds so unlike the blustery Melbourne weather that the committee called for a rematch among the four men. This time they will compete in actual Finns, four of which were unearthed at Ottawa. Whether or not Hazelhurst can again hold off sailors like George O'Day, Joe Marvin or Tom Allen is a matter of some doubt. But there is little doubt that whoever does win will have a man's job

keeping a gold medal away from Denmark's Paul Elvstrom. It is also doubtful if even as fine a sailor as Eric Olsen can learn enough about a Sharple before the Olympics to beat Holland's Kraan brothers. And in the Stars Williams is conceded less than an even chance against Charley de Cardenas (right) or the defending Olympic champion, Agostino Straulino of Italy.

The best U.S. classes at Melbourne will be the Dragons and 5.5s, the Dragons because of Walet's ability to sail almost anything, and the 5.5s because of the solid array of talent that America has in that class. One of the top men going into the tryouts this week is Dr. Britton Chance (page 45). But it would be a mistake to rate him a favorite over Herman



OLYMPIC COURSES for all five racing classes will be laid out around Hobson Bay in northeast corner of Port Phillip Bay.

continued on page 45



**STAR CLASS** is oldest in Games, has been in every Olympics since 1900. Stars are 32 ft. 6½ in. long, carry 251 sq. ft. of sail.

World Champions Charley de Cardenas, son Charley Jr. (above) of Cuba are favorites to take the gold medal at Melbourne.



**FINN MONOTYPE.** 14 ft. 9 in. long and carrying 108 sq. ft. of canvas in single, Marconi-rigged mainsail, is only class in which skippers do not sail own craft. Boats are provided by host nation, then drawn by lot for races. Paul Elvstrom (above) of Denmark is likely winner in Finns, one of the weakest classes for U.S.



**SHARPIES** are another U.S. weakness, since, like Finns, there are no Sharpies now in competition in American waters. The U.S. trials, won by Eric Olsen, were sailed in Jolly boats. Sharpies are gaff-rigged, 19 ft. 8 in. long, with 139 sq. ft. of sail. Jacques and Hendricus Kraan (right) of Holland should be Melbourne winners.

## BOATING

continued from page 48

Whitton (see cover) of New York, a gold medalist in 1948 and 1952 in the Six-Meter class, since dropped for the 5.5s, or over Victor Sheronas, Philadelphia, whose boat has beaten Dr. Chance in three spring tuneups.

The 5.5s are the only Olympic class that allows variation in design. The other four have strict rules of standardization, but the 5.5s permit differences in beam, length, draft, etc., so that the battle among designers leading up to the trials has been as sharp as the sailing competition. For example, Dr. Chance's veteran *Complex II*, a Swedish-built boat, has done most of its winning in light air. But Ray

Hunt and Bill Laders, foremost U.S. designers of 5.5s, have countered by turning out four new heavy-weather boats for Whitton, John MacNamara of Jamaica Plain, Mass., and the Fay brothers of Houston, with an eye on the winds at Melbourne. And then the victor could be a dark horse like *Le Cris*, which young Bob Larsen of New York had built in Norway. The Russians, too, have entered the design war, buying or building more than 60 since they finished dead last among the 5.5s in 1952, their Olympic sailing debut. Even the Soviet sea, however, will probably not be enough to catch the U.S. or the crack Scandinavians. But in view of Russia's amazing surge in the Winter Olympics, any such concentration by the U.S.S.R. could well mean a shift in the traditional balance of yachting power.



**5.5 METERS** are only boats not restricted by one-design rules. Length varies from 29 to 33 ft., sail area averages 312 sq. ft. Dr.

Britton Chance (above) of Philadelphia won gold medal in 1952, took 1956 U.S. nationals in tuneup for Aug. 10 Olympic trials.

**TURN PAGE FOR INTERVIEW WITH OLYMPIC RACER  
GENE WALET AND PHOTO OF DRAGON UNDER SAIL**

## CONVERSATION PIECE:

## SUBJECT: SAILOR GENE

by JOHN WILDS

**G**ENE WALET, skipper in the Dragon class (right) of the U.S. Olympic sailing team, spoke up sharply about his chances at Melbourne. "Of course I'm confident," said the handsome 20-year-old. "If I were not, I wouldn't go. I don't feel overconfident, though. Everybody I have to sail against at Melbourne will be the best Dragon sailor in his country. It's the toughest competition in the world. But it's this way: in sailing you have to go into a race and feel you can win."

Walet has had this confidence ever since he burst into national prominence in 1953 by winning the North American sailing championship at the tender age of 18. Gene remembers that series well. It was held at Larchmont, N.Y., in International One-Designs, a class he had never seen before the regatta.

"All the famous skippers were there," he recalled, "Corny Shields, Arthur Knapp and the others. The day we arrived Arthur invited us on his boat to get the feel of an International. We were running on the downwind leg in a race, about a hundred yards behind Corny Shields. Arthur asked me if I wanted to take the tiller. Of course I did. When we got close to the stake I expected Arthur to take the tiller again, but he didn't say anything. And so I handled the boat as we made the roundup. He still didn't say anything, and I started tacking. We kept gaining on Corny and finally crossed the finish line only 20 feet behind him. Arthur looked at me and said, 'Son, you can sail a boat.' I had to burst out laughing."

A number of other famous yachtsmen have since made the same discovery about Walet. In 1954, sailing a Lightning, he again won the North American title, the first man ever to take it twice. Last year he made the finals again, this time in a Luder 16. And although he wound up third, no one else has ever come close to arriving at the finals three years in a row. In addition, he has a list of victories and top placings in national and interna-

tional regattas as long as your arm, including a first in last year's Pan-American Lightning championships and a tie for first in the St. Petersburg Midwinter championships. In fact, his worst performance in a major regatta over the past three years was his seventh in the Lightning Internationals last September, a finish which he regards as anything but disgraceful.

"There were 38 boats," he says, "and



**OLYMPIC RACER WALET** has twice won North American sailing championship.

a seventh-place finish really wasn't too bad. You've got to lose sometimes. When you win a few, people begin to expect too much. I just made a mistake in tactics in the first race. We were running well, with boats spread out on both sides of us. I chose to go up the middle instead of covering the boats on either side. I made a mistake, but when you do you have to follow it through. There's nothing to be gained by changing."

It is precisely this mature confidence and patience that have made Walet one of the deadliest competitors in the

history of yacht racing. "I'm a series sailor," he continued. "Points are what you have to figure with. I always carry a sheet with the points on the boat with me. Maybe there are as many as 67 boats in one race. You don't have to worry about most of them after the first race because they're out of it already and don't figure. You have to pick out the ones in contention and watch them. In the Lightnings, I've sailed against about all of them, and I know what they will do. I know which ones will get rattled. I take mental notes on them."

"The start is very important. We practice before the race. We'll go over it a dozen times, finding out just what we have to do to get a good start without beating the gun. If you beat the gun you're out of it because you lose so much time starting over, and you have lost all of your rights to the boats coming from behind you."

"Before the start of every race I check the boat. I feel under the bottom to make sure it is clean. Sometimes I even go overboard to make sure. We take care of our own boat, painting it and hand-sanding it. You have to spend hour after hour. Then there's the tuning. You have to work and work to get the mast and the sails just right. Sometimes a quarter of a turn on a turn buckle can be the difference between winning and losing. I have one advantage in that I sail from 120 to 150 races every year. The average skipper may sail in 40 or 50."

Like all top racers, Walet knows the importance of a good crew. "Your crew is two-thirds of your success. They have to be well trained and quick. Every second counts in a sailboat race. I count half seconds. My crew can get a spinnaker up in seven seconds. We carry two spinnakers so we won't have to waste time remaking a sail after we've used it on a run."

He also knows who to blame if a race goes wrong. "If you lose a race, it isn't the boat, it's you."

To make sure he won't lose at Mel-



# WALET

bourne, Walet has had his brand-new Dragon, imported from Norway at a cost of \$3,500, out on his home waters of Lake Pontchartrain near New Orleans an average of 16 hours a week since last April 27. His crew, composed of his father, Eugene Walet; Carlos Echeverria of Montezuma, Ga.; and Gilbert Friedrichs of New Orleans, has been honed so sharp they can change a spinnaker sometimes even faster than their seven-second standard. On Oct. 1 the boat will be put aboard a freighter for Australia. Until Nov. 10, when Walet and crew fly over, they will practice in a borrowed Dragon. Then there will be two weeks before the Olympic races begin to get used to the wind and water at Melbourne.

"The prevailing winds in Australia are strong," said Walet. "That's the way I like it. I prefer to sail in heavy weather. There'll be 28 boats in the Dragon races. If anybody gets caught in a jam at the start, it'll be serious. But that won't worry me either because I'm used to racing in big fleets. But the point system is different. In this country in each race you get one point for every boat you beat and an extra quarter of a point for each race you win. Every race counts, so consistency is a big factor. In the Olympics there will be seven races, but only six are counted, and you can throw out any one you wish when the results are tabulated. You can be hopelessly beaten in one race and still win the series. And when you do win a race, you get a whole flock of points. For that reason it is important that you try to win the first race.

"I feel we'll have to get a fast start. The Dragon races will be won on the windward leg. That's where they separate the men from the boys. And those guys we'll be sailing against aren't plumbers. If they were, they wouldn't be there. But we'll make out all right. I know my boat is ready and that my crew is good. The only reason that I would have for losing is that the other skippers are better."

(END)

"The Dragon races will be won on the windward leg. That's where they separate the men from the boys." Dragon is 29 ft. 2 in. long with 259 sq. ft. of sail, costs \$3,500. Like all Olympic sailors, Walet pays for his own boat and living expenses in long trip out to Australia and back



Our guest columnist questions some legends, finds  
all is not well with U.S. racing and bluntly blames

## TELEMETER MANIA

**I**F you believe what you read in the sports pages . . . brother, this country is about to be bent out of shape. Yes sir, Civil War II is cooking, and the geography of fratricide is veering 90° from the fight between North and South. This time East and West are growing into each other's lapels.

The cause of it all is a familiar pair of 4-year-old colts. Swaps, a long, red California Thoroughbred of extraordinary speed, holder of five world's records. And Nashua from the East, a bull-like animal whose heart and legs have the timbre of a blacksmith's anvil.

The matter of superiority between them was thought to be settled on a fairly valid basis last summer. The memorable match race at Washington Park appeared to have done that. For about 24 hours, that is. The next morning stories broke that Swaps, who raced on a tender foot throughout his 3-year-old career—and, for that matter, still does—had emerged from his defeat stomping around like Long John Silver.

Since that time Nashua has become the world's leading money earner and has been coldly evaluated by eastern horsemen. Although there have been no noises about dispossessing Man o' War of his niche in the National Museum of Racing at Saratoga, there has been across-the-board agreement that the son of Nasrullah is a truly iron colt; in that respect, perhaps without equal since the great Exterminator. Unlike Native Dancer, Tom Fool, Count Fleet and Citation, the big-hunched colt has never been lame, missed a race or passed up an out in his bucket throughout his career. Here indeed has been the infantryman of race horses.

"Look at him," said an admiring Eddie Arcaro in the paddock one day. "Just look at those legs. Clean and hard as a ball bat."

With Swaps it has been somewhat different. Months after the match race, the Khaled colt was the central and mute figure in one of the quickest re-

coveries from hoof and mouth disease on record. Swaps's foot ceased to be a problem as mainsprings in stop watches went "boing" and his host of admirers recovered their voices.

In fact, the reporting of Swaps's California performances came to be pitched on a new high key of evangelistic fervor. His superiority over Nashua no longer appeared to be an issue. The sensational undefeated Italian colt, Ribot, with his modest claims to being champion of Europe after 14 straight victories, was ignored. Unblushingly, Swaps has been trumpeted as the "greatest" and "fastest" of all time.

Following Swaps's mile-and-five-eighths canter to a new world's record in the Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park, Rex Ellsworth was quoted as expressing sorrow that the match race ever took place. That Swaps was lame the morning before.

This came as a surprise to reporters. There had, indeed, been rumors before the race, but the afternoon before the match, Ellsworth disowned the reports. "Swaps is as good as he ever was," was his exact quote.

This writer also had a talk with Willie Shoemaker last winter. Maybe it was the Florida sunshine that warmed up Willie's distaste for conversation.

Were Ellsworth and Trainer Mieh Tenney confident going into the match? "They were. Tenney was so sure he had it figured how far we'd beat Nashua. Two lengths was his call."

No one questions Swaps's great talents. But what is it that has caused one of the most spectacular inflationary spirals of horse judgment since the mad Caligula ordered his subjects to worship his favorite mount under pain of being laminated with pitch to illuminate his backchannels?

Seen from here, the teletimer and the growing craze for speed on the American turf are the culprits. Yet these gods may be as false as Caligula's.

Sports fans have always been accustomed to rating the fastest humans and machines by the watch. The world's fastest plane and pilot? There is no dispute. The impartial tick of the watch points them out. The same goes for auto racing and power-boat racing.

Even in the field of foot racing and swimming the watch is the yardstick of performance. Any track fan worthy of his salt could pick 90% of the winners



**HIGHEST NAMES IN RACING.** Lee-lic Combs II (left) and Rex Ellsworth were prominent figures at the Keneland summer sale of yearlings in Lexington last week. Ellsworth was horse owner of Combs, who heads syndicates owning Nashua, but hospitality didn't persuade him to sell Swaps to Combs. Plans for the great 4-year-old: Swaps will be kept in training next year, while Nashua—who will probably not—may well have another clash with the California colt this fall. Other news from the three-day sale:

bergains for buyers, and sales off 11% from last year. With owners absent and conservative-spending trainers doing most of the buying, the first two days of the 18th annual sale were marked by low prices. Total sales: 350 yearlings bringing \$3,462,000, an average of \$9,891. Combs realized the best average, selling nine for \$362,000, including one filly for an all-time record figure of \$63,000. Top price, \$30,000, went to John D. Hertz for his chestnut colt by Nasrullah, paid by Cal-Horrians, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis.

at a meeting using time as his guide.

Why, then, is horse racing an exception? Because there is no uniformity in the speed of running surfaces at various courses. In human racing, cinder tracks (given fractions here and there) are the same the world round.

The speed of horse tracks varies up to five seconds. The difference between a hard track and a deep, tiring one could easily be as much as 25 lengths. Running over one type is like a man running over a cinder course, and over the other is like sprinting on the loose sand of a beach.

The so-called pasteboard tracks such as those in California, where virtually all of the world's records are held, put the accent on speed. Chicago, Florida and New Jersey are headed in the same direction. Belmont Park and Saratoga are two of the last bastions of the slower tracks, where sheer speed takes second place to the properly relentless search for combined speed and stamina in the Thoroughbred.

Swaps had plenty of company smashing world records which should be more properly classified as track records. Count of Honor, Robert Lehman's newly minted 3-year-old threat, just recently ran one mile and a quarter in 1:59 2/5 at Hollywood Park. There has never been a Kentucky Derby winner or a 3-year-old anywhere to run that fast on the East Coast or on the grass in Europe. A 2-year-old named Lucky Mel recently set a world record at Hollywood Park, too. Was Count of Honor another Citation or Lucky Mel an incipient Native Dancer?

On June 23 when Swaps bashed in his own world mark for a mile and one sixteenth (1:39), other races on the same card attested to the zip of the track. In the first race that day a \$4,500 plater named Breezing Bebe ran a mile and one quarter in 2:02 2/5, faster than 99% of the Kentucky Derbies and one full second swifter than Needles' winning time this year. On the same card a \$12,500 plater named Flying Atlas was teleported seven furlongs in 1:22. For close to 40 years, that record has stood at Belmont Park, set by the great sprinter Roseben.

After the Sunset Handicap (in which Swaps broke the world record by one and three-fifths seconds) it was excitedly wired that Swaps had blasted Man o' War's mile-and-three-eighths mark en route to his victory. Allowing one-fifth of a second to a length, this meant the first five horses in the race surpassed or equaled the old time.

Soaring testimonials to Swaps' "all-time" greatness would come closer to



**HOT SHOT**

Willie Harkack, here showing his professional grip, had 75 winners (a record) in his 228 mounts at the Arlington Park summer meeting which just closed. Bill (the 28-year-old Pennsylvania doesn't like to be called Willie) has been only four years in the business but hung up 417 winners last year. At the Washington Park (Ill.) meeting which opened this week he took an early lead over all rivals by booting home 11 winners, bringing to 225 his total for 1966.

acceptance after the consecration by a track like Belmont Park, which hopes to draw him and Nashua in the \$75,000 Woodward Stakes or the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup this fall.

Then again this might not even be necessary. Horses are performing only over the tracks that managements give them, and progressive commercialization is the reason for the superfat tracks which threaten to create a new look in racing.

Long ago men must have sensed futurity in their own quest for perfection and found expression for that hunger in the horse. The combination of heart, speed and stamina in a horse has always been their goal.

In the machine age there is really no pressure to maintain an old standard like stamina. It is sad that the giant-striding Italian, Ribot, has passed up an event like the classical two-and-one-half-mile Ascot Gold Cup in England in favor of the newer and shorter King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. This was a none too subtle salute to the new order of the day, "Speed . . . and more speed."

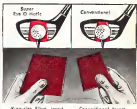
With our own tracks catering more and more slavishly to the new standards, the importance of stamina and heart in a horse are being lost sight of. We are robbing Thoroughbred breeding and racing of their oldest values. And that is deplorable. (E.N.D.)

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In Holland, an ideal—and inexpensive—way to see the country is to hire a cruiser for a scenic

# DUTCH CANAL TOUR

ALTHOUGH the British have known it for years, it has rarely occurred to the American traveler shuttling the usual water-logged tourist circuit in Holland that he could do it all on his own sweet time by boat and at a fraction of the cost. With one-fifth of Holland under water, a man afloat can sift through its meadows, skirt the pasture lands of its cattle, float under its trees, gaze at its water-bordered antiquities, shop at its canalside stores, pull up at its riverside restaurants; indeed, sail down the main drag of its capital, a city of nearly one million, and disembark at his hotel.

His pleasure will have cost him under \$100 for a cabin cruiser which sleeps six, not counting gas and the services of a skipper (about \$4 a day) should one be required, or as low as \$80 a week for a two-place cruiser. After Sept. 8, the charter rates drop about \$25.

There are, to be sure, almost any number of sailboats to be rented in Holland and plenty of lakes in which to sail them. But I have specified cabin cruiser because anyone wanting to tour the canals of old Holland in a sailboat would be better advised to take a course in callisthenics. There are 400 low bridges in Amsterdam alone, and getting through that city in a sailboat is an interminable chore of striking and resetting the mast.

In company with Marc Connelly, the American playwright, I hired a cruiser from the Piet Hein Shipyard in Warmond. The Piet Hein yard maintains five Holland cruisers in the Zomer class, these being named variously after the summer: 1) sun, 2) joy, 3) flower, 4) breeze, 5) bird. Each has two settee berths in a forward cabin, two inflatable mattresses for the wheelhouse and two berths in the aft cabin. There is a head in the bow and, forward of the saloon, a galley complete with gas stove. All this is packed into 30 feet of boat with a draft of three feet.

We took on 65 liters of gas, which

lightened the money belt by \$7, and sailed south from Piet Hein's Jachtwerf, one of the few *jachtwerfs* in the world, I am sure, which lies immediately adjacent to a Kelly green pasture land where contented Guernseys munch the polder grass. The *Zomerzon*, flying the American flag from its stern, set out for Leiden, ancient city honored by William the Silent in the 16th century for its successful resistance against Spain. Signposts for yachts marked the way, canalside restaurants lured us for midmorning coffee and we had our first experience with a Dutch toll bridge. As we sailed under it, the bridgekeeper lowered a basket on a fishing pole. We dropped in 10 Dutch cents (2¢ U.S.). During the day we were dunned twice at 10¢ bridges, four times at 20¢ bridges and once at a 33¢ sluice. At the sluice there was an extra

charge of one Dutch cent for each person not counting the skipper. Total day's dunning: 30¢ U.S., a lot less than what a short trip costs in tolls on many American superhighways.

In Leiden, flowerpots hung from the lampposts, horses were pulling wagonloads of lettuce, motorcycle carts filled with flowers rasped through the streets, a huge windmill rose out of the traffic at the end of the main street and in the window of a record shop was an album entitled, "Satch Plays Fats."

We tied the *Zomerzon* to a mooring ring and ate *vismuis* in the Vergulden Turk, a skylighted restaurant of some renown. A *vergulden Turk* is a golden Turk, and a *vismuis* is two slices of beef or ham with two eggs on top. Literally it means "throw out."

Full of *vismuis*, we dropped our mooring and headed for The Hague. (Local note: the Leiden bridgekeeper collects his toll in a wooden shoe lowered from a fishing pole.) At the Leidseendam sluice we met W. P. Miller, a Dutchman who used to live in the States. "I'm 68 years old and strong as a mine horse," he said. "I'm an eel catcher. Hey, what country you from? The U.S.? Times Square, Chatham Square, Baltimore, Washington, Pensacola, Key West? Got any old English papers?"

A man in a car can see Amsterdam, The Hague and Rotterdam between dawn and dusk, and Holland from north



IN AMSTERDAM IN HEART OF DIPLOMATIC QUARTER, CRUISER IS TIED UP AT CHOC HOTEL



PLAYWRIGHT MARG CONNELLY (SEATED LEFT) AND PARTY TOUR IN SOLID DUTCH COMFORT

to south is only about 190 miles. Thus it was no surprise that we reached The Hague that same afternoon. The Hague, confusingly, is also known as Den Haag, 's Gravenhage, 's Hage, La Haye and La Haya, which makes locating the city something of a gamy proposition until the traveler catches on. On the site of the present city, the first building was a hunting lodge built by the Counts of Holland; and although it is the seat of government, the residence of the royal family and all the embas-

sies, it is not the capital of the Netherlands. Amsterdam is.

The Hague's most imposing building is the Peace Palace, toward the construction of which the American industrialist and philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, donated \$1,500,000. Started in 1907 and dedicated to world peace, it was finished in 1913, just in time for the war. It is now the Court of International Justice. The Hague's parliament buildings were begun in 1248 by William II, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The Hall of Knights is opened regularly on the third Tuesday in September when the Queen arrives in a golden coach, reads her program for the coming year and departs. Then the Hall of Knights is closed until the following year.

No major city has a handier ocean beach than The Hague's unpronounceable Scheveningen, a scant 10 minutes away. We sailed the Zomerzon within sight of the North Sea and parked her for the night. By night Scheveningen jumps, in a Dutch way of course, with Indonesian restaurants, European nightclubs and at least one jive joint presided over by an ampie pianist named Pia Beck, also known as the Flying Duchess. By day the Dutch go down to the sea and change their clothes in bathhouses on wheels, held over from those prudish days when no nice Netherlander lady would appear in a bathing suit in front of males. The bathhouses were pulled out to the breakers where the girls could dunk without notice in the Noord Zee.

On a sunlit summer Sunday, Connelly and I sailed down to Delft, that

continued on next page



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APPEARING TO BE AFLOAT IN THE MEADOWS, SAILBOATS GLIDING ALONG HIDDEN CANALS STAND OUT AGAINST THE FLAT DUTCH COUNTRYSIDE

## DUTCH CANALS

*continued from page 51*

decorous home of Delft porcelain and of William the Silent, and visited the place where mercenaries rendered William silent forever. Even a boat with a three-foot draft can't sail the shallow Delft canals, so we docked her at the entrance to town and strolled down the red brick, beech-shaded sidewalks of Oude Delft—streets made famous by Vermeer in his paintings. We crossed the red brick bridges with their white keystones and looked in at the courtyard of the Prinsenhof where *Everyman*, the Dutch predecessor of the Old English morality play, is played out of doors in summer. In an adjoining churchyard we had tea at gingham-covered tables spread on a grassy lawn. Geraniums decorated the lead-glass windows, and the leaning tower of the Oude Kerk rose on a slight bina in the mackerel sky.

We set a northward course towards Amsterdam, bought pungent sausage and smoked eel when we were held up at a sluice. Then in mid-canal we battered with a vegetable burge, and when we tossed them American cigars, a shower of cucumbers and tomatoes flew across the water and cascaded on the housing of the *Zomerzon*.

In the ebb of the sun we reached the Kager Plassen, a collection of lakes fringed with reeds and ducks and dotted hither and yon with green fields (called polders) reclaimed from the sea, where Guernseys grazed. The mills were still, the sun glistened gold and a farmer passed, rowing three sheep in a boat. Houseboats that are homes were tied

up at the shoreline, youngsters played badminton on the polder and far across the meadow, because you couldn't see the river's path, it seemed that sailboats were slipping across the grassland. Our wake made black silver swells that were a roller coaster for the ducks but scarcely ruffled the dignity of a bosomy swan who followed with her brood. And behind them came an old huller, a keel-less fishing barque with *zwaarden* (swords) on the gunwales to prevent her making leeway. And along the banks men had parked their motorbikes and sat on camp stools waiting for the eels to bite.

Cruising the rim of the giant Haarlemmermeer polder, we passed the flower market of Aalsmeer to starboard, and then to port, Holland's Schiphol Airport, which is part of the polder and probably the only airport in the world which sits 13 feet below the level of the sea. Adjoining Schiphol is the Aalsmeer "De Vliet" shipyards, and so it is totally possible to land in Holland in something like 11 hours out of New York and be aboard your own chartered boat 10 minutes after leaving customs. About the most useful move is to write in advance to the Water Travel Dept., ANWB, 620 Keizersgracht, Amsterdam.

The Aalsmeer yards offer two 38-foot cruisers with skipper-attendant and room for six. The deck house is completely enclosed, and the skipper's quarters are forward, separated from the passengers. Two 37-foot cruisers are offered unattended by the Alkmaar shipyard of Nicolaas Witsen and Vis.

None of these cruisers will be able to manage all the bridges of complex

Amsterdam, which we were forced to invade gingerly, with a dead engine, until we were sure the housing would slip under the low permanent spans. We were not, I hasten to add, able to go down all the watery avenues open to the flat-top, glass-capped, underslung, sightseeing boats of Amsterdam. But we did slip down the Gentlemen's Canal lined with its handsome consulates and shade trees and pulled up with what I thought was a great sense of repugnance at the wharf of the Hotel Europe. Done up in city clothes, we ascended to the hotel's glassed-in dining bay which hangs over the canal. Waiters in swallowtails brought dinner, and as we dined, the thousands of electric bulbs that line the Amsterdam canals in summer came on in a dizzying string of pearly light. As dessert was brought in, the moon came up over the rooftops. Looking down at the canal with the endless strings of bulbs reflected in the water, I could see the *Zomerzon*. Nestled against the wharf, bathed in moon-glow, she waited with the dignity of some floating Hispano-Suiza parked in front of Maxima's. I'll bet she never looked so good. (END)

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## TIP FROM THE TOP

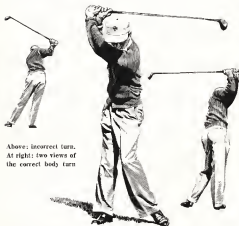


especially for  
tall, slim players

from **BUD HOLSCHER**, Apple Valley, Calif.

A tall person naturally has a more upright swing than a more compactly built player like a Souchak or a Littler who can wheel his body around and swing comparatively "flat" with little or no effort. In trying for a less upright arc, the error tall players frequently fall into is to sway laterally—and then to overswing. What they should do is let their swing remain upright but work on developing a freer, better body turn.

The taller a man is, the more he thinks that his long arms and his hands can do the trick for him all by themselves. Consequently, the more inclined he is to get lazy about his legs and his body. He has it precisely wrong. He should give at least primary attention to the action of his legs and his body. When he is off his game, instead of searching for the fault somewhere in his arms and his hands, he should start with his feet and check the action of his swing literally from the ground up. If a golfer's feet are working properly, the chances are that his knees are working properly too, and so on up. Horton Smith and Dutch Harrison are two tall men who come to mind who have tremendous body action. It goes a long way to explaining their considerable success, for correct body action is the great breeder of consistency.



Above: incorrect turn.  
At right: two views of  
the correct body turn

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: BETSY RAWLS ON THE SHOULDER TURN

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## BAY STATE BAYS

**A**SSORTED GOODS which are sold at Government surplus sales may occasionally include a horse. One such was an important ribbon winner last week at Northampton's (Mass.) National Morgan Horse Show (81, July 30). U.S. Panex (bought from the Government at a bargain price this summer by Mr. Alton Gray), a 6-year-old bay stallion, showing for the last time under the auspices of the University of Massachusetts, began an afternoon's work by winning, in the versatile tradition of the breed, the Justin Morgan Performance Class. This award was for showing at three gaits, for running a quarter-mile race, for trotting another quarter mile, and then for pulling a stone boat with 500 pounds on top of it. A short time later Panex returned to make a near faultless round to place second in the jumping event (won by Mrs. Winthrop Dakin on Junior Miss), then placed fourth in the frenetic trailer race, and again reappeared to capture the same spot in the show's final event, the Pleasure Horse Stake (again won by Mrs. Dakin's Junior Miss).

Busier even than U.S. Panex was Trainer Dick Nelson, charged with the University of Massachusetts' 14 horses. Nelson was summoned to the ring for an additional appearance and awarded a special citation for his efforts on behalf of the Morgans at the university. Panex had been under Nelson's care, on behalf of the Government, from the age of eight months.

Panex won the most (11) ribbons at the show, but Mrs. Antoinette Kelley's 6-year-old bay mare, Winderest Dona Lee, was the only 100% winner, coping three blues and three championships in six tries. Dona was victorious under saddle, in harness and as a model. The Kelleys, who have a representative of just about every breed of horse on their farm, have been most successful with Dona, who, before her recent triumphs at the National, was named high-point Morgan of 1955 by the American Horse Shows Association.

Dona's sire, 13-year-old Upwey Ben

Don, was the winner of the Stallion-with-Two-to-Four-of-Get Class for the fourth year in a row. Moreover, the first four horses in the Saddle Stake were his sons and daughters. Although reaching equine middle age, Don still finished second in the half-mile road race which he won last year.

But the younger horses also received their due. Mr. and Mrs. David Brockett's chestnut 3-year-old, Pentor, was named Junior Model Stallion (see cut). Pentor, New England's champion colt as a yearling and reserve junior champion last year, is no pampered matinee

idol between shows. During the winter he is hitched to the sled and carries the Brockett family around a farm of several thousand acres near Ipswich.

Another former Government horse, U.S. Menmar, a 15.1-hand bay now owned by Mr. James Mitchell of Wakefield, Mass., was named Model Stallion of the show. Reserve was Waseeka Farm's Winderest Donfield, Grand Champion in 1953. Besides this Reserve Championship, Waseeka's entries took home eight blues to Ashland, Mass. One blue was awarded to their saddlepair which has yet to be defeated.

By accident, horses were not the only animals to enter the Northampton ring. Kiem, a St. Bernard, used to accompanying Owner John Procter's mare, made a mistake in identity and entered the ring with another horse. He trotted happily when that gait was called for, cantered on the correct lead in each direction and then lined up proudly with the horses. He left the ring with obvious reluctance when the announcer, Dr. Russell Smith, firmly reminded him this was a horse and not a dog show. (END)



**CHESTNUT CHAMPION** junior stallion Pentor, with Owner Mrs. David Brockett, also placed in parade event, first time under saddle. A Brockett filly also won her class.



## BROOKLYN'S MONEY MEN COME THROUGH

*continued from page 3*

The players themselves feel the explosion—and the wrangle in their own group which followed—was the real turning point of the entire season.

"Everyone got their problems out in the open," says Robinson, "and we fought 'em out right there. And we came out of it a ball club."

In last week's vital series against the Braves, the Dodgers showed what Robinson meant.

They lost the first game of the four to Bob Buhl, who has exerted a mysterious domination over Brooklyn all season, beating them six straight times. But even Buhl, with a cushion of six runs going into the eighth inning by virtue of home runs by Adeock and Aaron and Mathews, couldn't hold the Dodgers alone and they almost got away. They knocked him out in that inning as Furillo and Hodges drove in three runs and then almost won it in the ninth with two more on Reese's two-out homer. The Braves were happy to get that one under their belts; they were suddenly aware this was not the same Brooklyn team they had handled so easily in the West three weeks before.

The pitching the next night in Jersey City was wonderful to behold; Cene Conley and Dave Jolly threw a six-hitter at the Dodgers, and Erskine, with help in the ninth from Labine, stopped the Braves on seven. But it was Robinson who took matters into his own hands. First he hit a two-run homer in the second inning—only to have the Braves tie it up with a pair of their own by Adeock and Mathews. So, with one out in the last of the ninth, Robinson slammed a ball 410 feet to the fence in deepest center field to score Reese with the winning run.

If the second game was a tough one for Lee, the third was even more so for Lew Burdette. While the entire Brooklyn bench, including Alston, was yelling "spitter!" this tough, businesslike right-hander with one of the heaviest assortment of pitches in all baseball—and this does not necessarily include the spitter—ignored them and proceeded to mow the Dodgers down. But he slipped once when Snider homered in the fourth inning and even though the Braves tied it up against a truly magnificent old Sal Maglie with an unearned run in the seventh, you somehow got the feeling that Milwaukee wasn't going to get another if the two teams played all night. Labine, working quick and strong in relief once more, was untouchable, and young

Craig was heating up down in the bullpen just in case. Then it happened. In the eighth Robinson singled, went to second on an error and to third as Hodges sacrificed. Dale Mitchell, the veteran Cleveland outfielder who arrived in town the day before, made his first appearance as a Dodger and apparently caught the spark too. Finch-hitting for Labine, he bounced a high hopper down to third and beat it out as the ubiquitous Robinson scooted in to score the winning run.

By the finale on Thursday it was apparent that Milwaukee was through—

and then for a while relaxed maybe just a little too much as the Cardinals came into town.

It was, however, clearly a time to stop and evaluate. And, looking at the Dodgers, certain doubts immediately came to mind. The Braves are forced to play 15 of their last 22 games on the road, and the Redlegs play 16 of their last 21 away. Could they possibly hold off the revived Braves, who have all the best of the end-of-the-season schedule with 29 of their last 24 games at home, 18 of these against second-division opposition? On the other side, might those premature pallbearers have been at least partially right when they said the Dodgers were too old?

## HIGHLIGHT

TWO RARE PLAYS by the Brooklyn catcher, similar in intent but dissimilar in execution, nearly transformed the big series between the Dodgers and the Braves last week. After tying the second game up in the ninth at 2-2, the Braves had loaded the bases with one out.

The batter bopped an easy ground ball to Jackie Robinson at third. Robby threw quickly to Catcher Rube Walker at home plate and the runner coming in from third was forced out.

Walker whirled toward first and corked his arm for the expected throw to double the batter. But Walker didn't throw. "The runner was in my line of fire and I sure wasn't going to throw the ball away in that spot."

Joe Adeock, who had been on second base when the play started, and thinking Walker was throwing to first, rounded third under a full head of steam and streaked for home. Walker waited, and although the impact of Adeock's stand-up charge was felt across the Jersey flats, he held onto the ball. The potential big inning was over, and the Dodgers went on to win by one run.

"How can I get mad at Joe? He's won us so many games," Manager Fred Haney philosophized afterward.

The next night the situation was the same but the cast was different. It was the top of the seventh and the Dodgers were leading 1-0. The Braves had the bases loaded and there was one out. This time the ball was hit to first baseman Gil Hodges who threw quickly to Roy Campanella, now catching for the Dodgers. The runner from third was forced and Campy failed a throw to first. Sure enough, Wes Covington, the runner from second tonight, was drawn home.

Now the script changes. As Campy feinted, the ball inexplicably squirted from his hand and rolled aimlessly toward the empty pitcher's mound. The embarrassed Campanella could only watch Covington come over with the tying run.

"There was nothing funny about it at the time. That was my trick false. Rube makes the play better because he's smarter. He doesn't have to think about it," growled Campanella.

The Dodgers, however, still won by one run. —L.W.

at least for this series—and the period of mourning for the poor old Dodgers had been a sheer waste of everybody's time. Newcombe simply reared back and fogged his fast ball past the Braves all afternoon, shutting them out on four hits while the Dodgers were tagging Ray Crone for nine. Included were home runs by Furillo and Campanella, and the Dodgers won 3-0.

Just how crucial the series had really been was a matter of individual opinion. The Braves, and you could understand their viewpoint, shrugged it off, pointed to their name still at the top of the standings and went on about their business. The Dodgers, and you could understand their reaction too, whooped it up, pounded their chests—

Would the Dodgers be able to keep playing the brand of ball they had played against Milwaukee through that last, punishing eight-week drive for the big money?

No one was at all sure. All they knew after last week was that the old Bums could still handle the big occasion and give a lesson in playing under pressure to anyone, including the Braves.

"I would say," said Robinson after the final game, "that there is nothing wrong with that Milwaukee club except this is all new to them and they have begun to taste that pennant. And it looks like they are beginning to choke up on it a little too."

"Now, you take us," he added. "This is old stuff to the Dodgers." (FNB)

# FRANK LANE AND HIS FANS

continued from page 21

can't win with nothing but kids. I was trying to supplement the kids with veterans to get us over the hump. If our pitching jelled, we had a chance for the pennant. But it didn't. We still need pitching, pitching, pitching.

**LW:** What about another oldtimer like Walker Cooper?

**FL:** Don't forget, Hutch and I were coming into the organization from another league. I bought Cooper because he knew the National League. We did everything we possibly could to get people with a knowledge of the league.

**LW:** What about the spirit of your Cardinal club when it knows there is a lot of trading going on? Doesn't that affect the team play?

**FL:** Definitely not. Ballplayers are professionals. They're sitting on top of the world and know it. If they don't play here, they know they'll be playing somewhere else. Their salary is affected by the team's play and their own individual effort. If we are trying to make a better team, they have no complaints. We could have been hurt if Blasingame didn't measure up to Schoendienst on the field. Then the pitchers might feel that the trade had hurt them, and there you might have affected the team's spirit. It's really only the fringe player who is affected by trades. He doesn't know whether to send his laundry out or where to send it.

**LW:** Some of the fans say that they would rather see the traditional Cardinals finish in seventh place than see a patchwork team of cast-offs win the pennant.

**FL:** It's the synthetic fan from California that says that. Tradition is fine, but you have to win. You can't keep telling the fans to come back next year because we're going to develop our kids this year. Pretty soon they'll say—"O.K., we'll be back in 1957"—and not come out this year. Mr. Ruckey has forgotten more baseball than I'll ever know, but it wasn't fair to the Pittsburgh fans to give them those five poor years while he was building. I believe the fans are entitled to see good baseball even while you're building.

**LW:** You talk as if you have been vindicated by a winning ball club. But the Cards aren't winning much more than they were this time last year.

**FL:** Who the hell has a right to expect too much of this ball club? They were seventh—a poor seventh—last year.

Hutch has gotten everything out of this club anyone could. Sure I'm disappointed anytime we lose. But you've got to be realistic. You compare our personnel with Brooklyn's for instance. This is a tough league this year. It's a much tougher league than I thought it was. Don't forget, the season isn't over yet. If we win 10 more games than the Cardinals of 1954, we have made definite improvements despite what the synthetic fans might think.

**LW:** You're gambling with trades on improving the Cardinals. Now, the big gambler at Monte Carlo blows his brains out if he loses everything. What does Frank Lane do if his gambles don't pay off?

**FL:** First of all, there's some question about whether I have brains. Look, I could have sat back this year and said I was getting aquainted, and protected my position here. But I would consider myself a definite failure if I did that and, without doing some-

thing about it, made excuses about the performance of the ballplayers. I had, I have to try to do my job and improve the ball club. And naturally I have to produce or, when my contract is out, Mr. Busch will get someone else. And I wouldn't blame him.

**LW:** Some people say that if you talk to Frank Lane long enough, he'll trade you half his ball club. Are you a compulsive trader?

**FL:** Wrong. When you're down, you have to gamble. It would be wonderful to be in a position where you never had to make a trade. But I'm not a compulsive trader. . . .

(Hereabouts, the phone rings. Lane seized it, plunged into staccato conversation with a certain "Buzzy": "Hi Buzzy . . . yeah . . . Rocky . . . yeah, yeah . . . O.K." Twenty-four hours later it was announced Lane had bought First Baseman Rocky Nelson for \$16,000 from Buzzy Bonni, vice-president of the Dodgers, and sold Cardinal Infielder Greedy Matton to Baltimore for the same price.)

## X-RAY

### TEAM PERFORMANCES

	This Week (7/30-8/5)	Season	Recent Week		Week	Rating	Season
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Philadelphia	5-1	833 (41-52)	6	Napoleon	378	Asburn	298
Brooklyn	4-2	756 (33-42)	13	Loyola	362	Loyola	22
St. Louis	4-3	571 (30-30)	4	Shannon	426	Faville	309
New York	4-3	571 (35-30)	6	Blase	423	Blase	326
Pittsburgh	4-4	580 (39-33)	11	Brandt	346	Schoendienst	213
Cincinnati	3-4	459 (35-43)	8	Johnson	435	Asburn	344
Chicago	2-5	396 (42-37)	7	Johnson	336	Seelye	388
Pittsburgh	1-7	125 (44-57)	7	Morley	520	Banks	381
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Washington	5-1	833 (43-43)	5	Fennels	435	Cooney	333
Boston	4-2	756 (38-42)	9	Verne	387	Waters	353
Detroit	4-3	714 (40-40)	8	Nelson	531	Nelson	337
Baltimore	4-4	580 (42-37)	8	Williams	375	Holmes	317
Cleveland	3-4	429 (35-48)	7	Colavito	318	Banks	297
Baltimore	3-4	429 (35-48)	12	Colavito	354	Fay	247
Kansas City	3-5	396 (38-43)	7	Johnson	435	Johnson	300
New York	3-6	143 (39-36)	13	Johnson	440	Meade	358
				Reade	346		

### TEAM LEADERS

	Season	Recent Week		Season	Recent Week
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Hitters	22	Hedrick	15-3	Hitters	22
Runners	10-8	Hedrick	10-8	Runners	10-8
Sluggers	10-8	Hedrick	10-8	Sluggers	10-8
Fielders	14-4	Hedrick	14-4	Fielders	14-4
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Hitters	22	Hedrick	15-3	Hitters	22
Runners	10-8	Hedrick	10-8	Runners	10-8
Sluggers	10-8	Hedrick	10-8	Sluggers	10-8
Fielders	14-4	Hedrick	14-4	Fielders	14-4

## HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (thru Aug. 5)		WEST	
BEST		WORST	
Batting (AL)	Asburn, 344	Wander, Phil, 214	
Batting (NL)	Meade, NY, 368	Colvin, NY, 211	
Home runs	Snyder, Bos, 30	Kasson, Phil, 1	
Hitlers (NL)	(1 per 10 AB)	(4 per 10 AB)	
Home runs	Meade, NY, 368	Colvin, NY, 211	
Fielding (NL)	Lawrence, Cin, 15-3	Hedrick, KC, 2-10	
Fielding (AL)	Brewer, Bos, 15-3	Hedrick, KC, 1-11	
ERA (NL)	Burdette, NY, 2.49	Low, Phil, 5.13	
ERA (AL)	Ford, NY, 2.45	Wander, Phil, 8.58	
Complete games	Rubens, Phil, 15	Law, Phil, 7	
Complete games	(on 24 starts)	(on 24 starts)	
Complete games	Pierce, Phil, 15	Hedrick, KC, 2	
(AL)	(on 24 starts)	(on 24 starts)	
Team ERA (NL)	Cincinnati, 1.46	Philadelphia, 8.1	
Team ERA (AL)	New York, 1.49	Baltimore, 6.4	
Team ERA (NL)	Cincinnati, 3.03	New York, 3.20	
Team ERA (AL)	New York, 3.06	Baltimore, 4.02	
Team ERA (NL)	St. Louis, 3.05	New York, 3.78	
Team ERA (AL)	Boston, 3.98	Baltimore, 4.01	

RUNS PRODUCED		AMERICAN LEAGUE	
Runs Produced		Runs Produced	
Batting	29	54	134
Runners	29	54	134
Sluggers	29	54	134
Fielders	29	54	134
AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Meade, NY, 368	69	96	149
Kasson, Phil, 1	69	96	149
Sluggers	69	96	149
Fielders	69	96	149
Law, Phil, 7	69	96	149
Hedrick, KC, 2	69	96	149
Wander, Phil, 8.58	69	96	149
Low, Phil, 5.13	69	96	149
Burdette, NY, 2.49	69	96	149
Ford, NY, 2.45	69	96	149
Rubens, Phil, 15	69	96	149
Pierce, Phil, 15	69	96	149
(on 24 starts)	69	96	149
(on 24 starts)	69	96	149
(on 24 starts)	69	96	149
(on 24 starts)	69	96	149

### THE ROOSTERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE		AMERICAN LEAGUE	
Batting	29	54	134
Runners	29	54	134
Sluggers	29	54	134
Fielders	29	54	134
Law, Phil, 7	29	54	134
Hedrick, KC, 2	29	54	134
Wander, Phil, 8.58	29	54	134
Low, Phil, 5.13	29	54	134
Burdette, NY, 2.49	29	54	134
Ford, NY, 2.45	29	54	134
Rubens, Phil, 15	29	54	134
Pierce, Phil, 15	29	54	134
(on 24 starts)	29	54	134
(on 24 starts)	29	54	134
(on 24 starts)	29	54	134
(on 24 starts)	29	54	134

# THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

In Nova Scotia tuna-angling Yale wins a cup, in Connecticut a tempest rages in the tepees, and the grizzly bear lumbers close to extinction in the Old Wild West

## LINEUP FOR TUNA

THE U.S. tuna team, which will compete against 10 other nations for the Sharp Cup in Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, Sept. 12, 13 and 14 (see below), was announced last week; and at the same time came word of yet another international tuna-do, this one on the collegiate level. Last week Alain Wood Prince, captain of the five-man Yale angling team and son of William Wood Prince, president of Chicago's famed Union Stock Yards, boated a 630-pound bluefin off Wedgeport to shut out fish-

less St. Francis Xavier University of Nova Scotia in the first annual International Intercollegiate Tuna Match.

Wood Prince's ponderous catch secured for Yale the Hulman Cup donated by Anton Hulman Jr., ex-Yale athlete, veteran tuna fisherman and owner-president of the Indianapolis Speedway. Next year six or seven collegiate teams are expected at the match, but meanwhile the Yales, confident and flushed with victory, are preparing to travel southward next week and take on female members of the Bahamas Angling Association.

## TEMPEST IN A TEPEE

TIME WAS in the state of Connecticut that Indiana fished and hunted in all seasons without a thought of licenses on or off their reservations.

Now, however, it is the written opinion of the state attorney general that the 300 remaining Indians have no special right—inherent, ancient or by treaty—to continue to do so (OUTDOOR WEEK, April 16).

A lot of things are done in the name of conservation, but as Woodbury

continued on next page

## THE 1956 UNITED STATES TUNA TEAM



MAURICE MEYER JR., 45, of Long Branch, New Jersey is a widely respected angler. An investment banker, he is on the team for the fifth time, this year is its captain,



DON A. ALLISON, 48, of Beverly Hills, California is on the team for his third year. He is considered one of its most experienced anglers and has taken fish in Nova Scotia, the Bahamas and throughout the Pacific Ocean. He is a furniture broker.



NEUMANN M. HARRIS, 51, of Broken Bow, Nebraska is an angler of exceptional skill, who has chased tuna in Nova Scotia and the Bahamas for 10 years. He is a steel company executive and is a team member for the fourth year.



WILLIAM HEGLEY, 41, of San Antonio, Texas is an attorney and business executive. He spends 140 days and travels 40,000 miles annually throughout the world in pursuit of game fish. He is on the team for the second year.



JOHN W. ANDERSON II, 33, of Detroit is a vice-president of the Bundy Tubing Co. He has been an angler for 20 years and has covered such famous game-fishing areas as Peru, New Zealand and many others. He is a first-year team member.



A. M. WHISHANT JR., 49, of New York holds the Cat Cay Tournament record at 746 pounds and in 1955 took the 585-pounder at Wedgeport, won for the U.S. A team member for the fifth year, he is sales manager of Steencutter Mills.



JAMES M. KUTTON III, 29, of Cincinnati has managed to fish the Atlantic and Pacific with unusual thoroughness. He has taken tuna in Nova Scotia, Scandinavia and the Bahamas. He is an investment broker and a first-year team member.

Town Constable Raymond Burton, who is charged with enforcing the new edict, says "The state should be gracious enough to let people of Indian lineage fish and hunt without all the regulations." Constable Burton, it must be understood, is a man thoroughly divided among himself—he is a Mohegan, name of Grey Fox.

And there is a muted war whoop from Bob Kilson, a 73-year-old bachelor Pequot of the Schaghticoke Reservation at Kent. "It's those white folk," he says, "who come on the reservation and fish out of season and without a license and claim they're Indians, and they're no more Indians than that rusty tin can over there."

#### TWILIGHT OF A BEAR

THE GRIZZLY, that dish-faced solitary old bulk of a bear and largest of all

the world's land-borne carnivores, has, of course, no natural enemies, but he is being slowly marched toward extinction in the United States. Before man came with his guns and traps and the dogs he made fearless, the wilderness was the grizzly's to rumble through as he pleased.

The twilight of the great humped bear was pointed up recently by Robert F. Cooney, coordinator of the Wildlife Restoration Division in Montana, the grizzly's last major redoubt. The grizzly once plodded western North America as far east as Texas, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. Only in Alaska, where the grizzly is reported in excess of 10,000, exclusive of several of his 84 sub-species, the various brown bears, does he still retain a measure of his majesty (OUTDOOR WEEK, July 16).

In the States, the outlook is quite different. He is long gone from Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah and the Dakotas. California, which has him on its flag, has had no record of one off it since 1922. Washington may have one or two left. Colorado has perhaps 10, these completely protected. Idaho claims some 60, and has had no open season for years. Wyoming has not more than 50. There, however, the grizzly, under an antiquated law, is carried with the black bear as a predator. Montana lists 439, exclusive of national parks. Estimates for Glacier National Park indicate 100 silvertips, and for Yellowstone 125. In all, somewhat less than 800 grizzlies live in these United States.

Changing environment and antag-



THE 1956 Yale Angling Team groups around its captain, Alan Wood Prince of Chicago, and the 630-pound tuna which he landed at Wedgetop, Nova Scotia after a two-hour and 14-minute battle to win the Hulman Cup and the first International Intercollegiate Tuna Match (see page 57). Team members are (left to right): Bill Bullock of Durkin, Conn.; Winslow Tuttle of Amherst, N.Y.; Captain Wood Prince, Hutten Loebewell of West Hartford, Conn.; Tom Moorehead of Larchmont, N.Y. Standing: Coach and Ichthyologist Ed Migdalicki.

onism, often prejudiced on the part of parochial and militant livestock interests, have brought the depletion about. The dwindling wilderness, however, is the bear's most serious threat.

Mr. Cooney concedes, in a fair appraisal of a gloomy situation, that, valuable as the bear is to hunters and conservationists, it cannot be perpetuated in substantial numbers around grazing livestock. Its future, therefore, he says, depends for the most part upon conserving what remains of its natural range. In this regard, parks like Yellowstone, Glacier and Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness Area are essential. Like the buffalo, if the big fella goes, so goes something of the past, a sentiment, perhaps, toward grandeur, toward things large and free, moving easy through blue upland places which, if nothing else, makes the heart wonder and be proud. This, like poetry, is of some value.

#### FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or opened); SE—season closed (or closed); C—clear water; D—water dirty or mucky; M—water muddy; N—water at normal height; SD—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling; WT—water temperature 50°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OV—outlook very good; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OP—outlook poor.

BLACK BASS: TENNESSEE: Dale Holton, Center Hill and Kentucky Lake FG for trout

of small fish but larger models have suddenly turned feckle. Local agent, however, insists they will not be able to resist much longer and OG. LOUISIANA: Night anglers taking fish to 5 pounds in Spring Bayou near Marksville and FG for 4- and 5-pounders in Miller's Lake near Ville Platte. Monroe area reports FG and OVG with a plastic red worm lure so deadly in darkness that the normally 60+ gizzard is going for 42 on the black marlin.

FLORIDA: Lake George in north central area near Wakulla yielding new catches and OVG for next few weeks. Rainbow River near Dunellon in west-central area also producing with fish to 5 pounds. Lake Tarpon FG with Donald Bingham of St. Petersburg catching in a 10½-pounder, OVG. Central state still dandy from drought but FG in places such as Lake Griffin at Leesburg where there is enough water. OF; F where desperately needed, rain.

MISSISSIPPI: Lake Wapkapello N and FG on surface plugs and flies. Current River L but C and FG with dark-colored plugs the best bet.

MINNESOTA: FG for smallmouth as trout catches decrease and fish make more kindly to lures. White Bear Lake, north of St. Paul, West Branch of Lake Superior Trail, Big Man Trap Lake at Park Rapids all advise OVG. Two anglers, however, Jim Rainey of St. Paul and Marge Kessel of Brookfield, Ill., slightly nonplussed with the turn of mind of two fish they caught in the Lake. Each they yielded a baby nitek weighing about one pound.

BLUEFIN TUNA: New Jersey: Fishing slow but a school of blues moved offshore but local light-tackle-wading southwayer predicts they will be back, OG.

MASSACHUSETTS: 46 to 150-pound fish now in Pollock Rip off Monomoy Point and biting feebly with abandon: OVG.

NOVA SCOTIA: Two giants taken off Wedgetop last week including a 630-pounder, largest of the season so far. Many more fish sighted and OG.

TROUT: IDAHO: South Fork of Snake best bet in full season. L in Blackfoot area FG on scales from Tilden Bridge to the backwaters of American Falls Reservoir, statewide OG.

PENNSYLVANIA: SO accordingly July 31, but in unprecedented move State Fish Commission has extended it to Sept. 15. On the spot, my report reads that action was taken at the end of last season in history, thanks to weather and the great number of hatchery-reared trout still in streams and most of which would not carry over until next year. Although season has not started yet, those who are on streams report FG.

ONTARIO: Cooler weather makes OVG on all Ontario streams with Galliard, Yellowstone and Big Hole rivers all excellent. Temporary volume of water from Hellegas Dam has run and Madison and FF for the time being. Most anglers cheered by Yellowstone results which seem to indicate that DDT damage from forest spraying last year not as extensive as feared.

COLORADO: Guernsey, East and Taylor rivers L and C with FG on rain. Arkansas L and M in North Fork of Arkansas, Middle and South Forks of the South Platte, Silver, Cottonwood, Rich, Four Mile and Sacramento L and C and FG. Flying Fox River N and C as well as Snake and Crystal rivers near Carbonate; OG generally.

MINNESOTA: Lake Superior "monster" rainbows running with most anglers limiting at Grand Marais and Hewland, with fish from 5 to 8 pounds; OVG. North stars trout streams N and C with break trout OVG.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Action generally slow except in northern interior where Skeena River, Manohad River and Nattien's River advise FG and OVG.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Fishing in main Miramichi, upper reaches Southwest and Northwest best in 20 years. Up to 30 fish hooked daily last week in Blackline Pool, with favorite flies Squiggle tail and Bear bar. OG here but OF in Scotch Lake and in the St. John, Nashwaak, Tobique and Upsalquiche.

NOVA SCOTIA: With water level down catch also dropped last week, but 130 salmon were killed. Heavy rains needed but St. Mary's, Margaree, Mearns and La Have report FF and OG with rain.

## THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL CRISIS

*continued from page 29*

bulking tackles "who will go anywhere that I go."

Statistics are not available but I know from my coaching experience that many colleges spend at least \$50,000 a year for the recruitment of players alone. This figure has nothing to do with athletic scholarships, grants-in-aid, etc. It represents for the most part travel expenses for coaches (I know many assistant coaches who leave the campus after the last game and don't return until time for spring practice) and travel expenses and entertainment for athletes visiting the campus.

This expenditure, gathered from many sources, is not as sinister perhaps as it sounds. It does give prospective athletes a chance to visit the different campuses and it does allow the coaches to visit the homes of the boys and talk to their parents. For the most part I believe it is better for the coaches to represent the institution to the prospective athletes and their parents rather than the alumni, who oftentimes become overenthusiastic with their missions and accomplish them at any price. If the head coach is made responsible to the president of his institution for proper recruiting practices many abuses will be remedied.

But, as in the realm of subsidization, it is perfectly clear that the rules of recruiting need revision and a more realistic approach. They are broken by practically all concerned with regularity, and the reasons why are apparent in the rules themselves. Here, for example, in essence, are the Big Ten recruiting regulations which are quite similar to those of the PCC:

1) Personal interviews between staff members and prospective athletes must be conducted on the campus. All other forms of direct contact can be by correspondence only.

2) Institutional funds may not be used to pay or reimburse to any party the expenses in transporting a prospective athlete to the campus for an interview, but the school may furnish meals and two nights' lodging to the prospective student-athlete and those accompanying him on the occasion of his campus visit.

3) Pooled funds (alumni clubs, etc., as distinguished from individual alumni) may not be used to transport the prospective athlete to the campus for his visit.

Most of the southern conferences do not confine recruiting to the campus but their "campus visit" rule is even

more unworkable than the Big Ten's. Here is an outline that will vary little from conference to conference:

1) No member of an athletic staff or other official representatives of athletic interests shall solicit the attendance at his institution of any prospective student with the offer of financial aid or equivalent inducements. This, however, shall not be deemed to prohibit such staff members or other representatives from giving information regarding aids permissible.

2) No member institution shall, directly or through its athletic staff members or by any other means, pay the



**NOTRE DAME ALUMNUS  
FARIS COWART**

"Football should be secondary to education in every respect. In the case of Notre Dame, I'm sure that the brilliant achievements of its graduates and the exceptional staff of faculty and teachers have been obscured for most of the public by the record of the football team. I would like to see less power on the football field and more behind an effort to dramatize Notre Dame's high place in education. But the public won't allow a letdown in football."

traveling expenses of any prospective student visiting its campus, nor shall it arrange for or permit excessive entertainment of such prospective students during their visits there.

There must be some fine print or an unwritten interpretation in No. 2 above because this rule is not observed. It seems a shame that the Southeast Conference and the Atlantic Coast Conference, who have been open and aboveboard in their athletic scholarship plan, should make such a statement of principles governing recruiting.

Except in the cases of the Ivy group colleges, Notre Dame and the service academies, all of whose student bodies have a wide national distribution, most of the recruiting abuses occur when institutions bring in athletes from other

sections. Students themselves, who leave their home states of Ohio or Pennsylvania to accept athletic scholarships at Alabama, Georgia or Tennessee, are for the most part just shopping around for the best offer—as the situation invites them to do.

I would like to touch on one more phase of our present-day college football setup which does not come under the head of recruiting or subsidization but is most important to the betterment of the game. It is the relationship between the football players and the student body.

### SEGREGATION OF ATHLETES

Most of the players are in a position to be real and popular leaders on the campus. This is a situation that could benefit them, the student body and the institution if properly handled. The policy of having all the athletes live together and eat together in special athletic dormitories is most damaging to this relationship. It amounts, in point of fact, to segregation of the athlete from the rest of the student body. It is most prevalent in the South and I know how it got started. There were and still are few dormitories for men at many southern institutions, so the athletic associations started building these facilities out of gate receipts, many of them as a composite part of the stadiums. Then, too, instead of giving the players actual cash to buy their meals, the practice was started of operating their own training tables so that the boys would be assured of having properly balanced meals instead of a couple of hot dogs at a corner restaurant with enough money left over for a picture show.

One of the most heartening aspects of the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* survey is that among all those who were questioned—college presidents, athletic directors, coaches and alumni—there was not one who did not speak up for the game or fail to offer, even after the most bitter criticism, some constructive thoughts on what might be done. There were many suggestions with many different angles, and all have been taken into consideration in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s own program, detailed on page 61. But the most eloquent statement of faith and purpose was provided by President G. D. Humphrey of the University of Wyoming, who also proffered concrete ideas on reorganization and improvement of football's present ruling bodies. Some of his thoughts were also expressed by others, such as Chancellor Raymond B.

*continued on next page*

## FOOTBALL CRISIS

continued from page 59

Allen of the University of California at Los Angeles, Don Faurot, head coach and athletic director at Missouri, and Farris Cowart, a prominent Notre Dame alumnus of Miami. In that sense, President Humphrey spoke for many when he said:

"A standard of ethical conduct must evolve as the result of the pride of the men in the football coaching and administrative professions in their chosen work. It must evolve not only because of pride, but because of faith in the basic goodness of the game, and because of an awareness of what will inevitably happen if the violators of the game's professional ethics are allowed to practice.

"A fundamental code of ethics such as guides the medical profession might be the answer to football's dilemma. A sense of obligation on the part of those conducting the game, similar to that of the truly dedicated physician, should prevail."

### IMPROVING ETHICAL STANDARDS

"Of course, medicine does have its quacks and seekers of material gain only. But the medical profession polices itself as well as any single group of similar interest in the world. Football—and all amateur athletics—needs such a moral faith in itself, a faith it should have because of the importance of its mission. It then could enforce its own ethical law with relatively simple legislation.

"Because of the long cultivated code built by medicine, the general public—the patient—knows what to expect in his contact with the doctor. The quack is generally abhorred. Such could be a parallel relationship between the high school athlete and recruiting coach.

"I think immediate improvement to some degree might be accomplished, possibly as a first step toward the evolution of this ethical standard, by the adoption of similar limits of athletic scholarship aid by each conference, and by the elimination of all alumni and booster club financial aid not administered by the institution and thus subject to complete conference scrutiny. Such scholarship aid should cover only the normal educational expenses of the recipient.

"I am also in favor of eliminating the judicial function of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. I think that it's perfectly right that the NCAA should act as the executive branch in the control of its members, i.e., investi-

gate and report rules violations to the individual institutions and conferences, but I think it should be the responsibility of the institutions and the conferences to mete out the penalties.

"But, as I have stated above, no system of investigation and enforcement can be effective unless all of us concerned with football's future put the good of the game ahead of the immediate success or failure of a single team."

A final word is necessary to those who have not spoken or been spoken to so far in this survey: the college football players themselves. On their shoulders rests a major share of responsibility for bringing college football



**COMMISSIONER  
ASA BUSHNELL**

The head of the Eastern College Athletic Conference, largest in the nation, wined: "A basic rule shared by many intercollegiate athletic organizations prohibits any discrimination for or against an undergraduate athlete. Gain complete acceptance and uncompromising application of this rule—admissionwise, academically, financially and in every other way—and any crisis in college football will have been successfully passed."

back to its rightful place in America's wonderful world of sport. How are they living up to that responsibility?

This is a question that rightfully concerns parents too, and one they should take most seriously to heart. For it should never be forgotten that, while a son may be a man when he leaves college, he is a boy when he enters. And some of the decisions placed on a young football player today are simply more than a boy can handle.

It is virtually impossible to canvass the country player by player and learn their thoughts and intentions as they enter the college world to which their football talents have opened the way. But **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** did question 33 of the outstanding college stars who left college this past June. Only one player was from the East, and the re-

maining 32 were pretty equally divided between the South, Southwest, Midwest and Far West. Service academy players were not included in the survey.

What these players had to say was slightly staggering.

Twelve of the 33 did not graduate from college.

Twenty-nine of the 33 hope or plan to play pro football this fall.

Fourteen chose physical education as their major college subject.

In answer to the question, Would you have gone to college without the aid of an athletic scholarship? 21 answered no, they would not.

This, as stated, is probably not a representative cross section of the aims and purposes of most college football players—but it nonetheless gives one pause. And it leads right into the final thoughts of this survey, thoughts which quite properly project a future plan which was outlined last January by Chester J. La Roche, the eminent advertising man, who is organizer and chairman of the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame.

La Roche, a former football star at Yale, speaks from experience and from a deep devotion to the game. "In recent years," he said, "the problems facing football have been aggravated. On the one hand, the influence of professional football is making itself felt. In greatly increasing numbers boys find it possible to get to college whereas before they were expected to stay home and help support the family. These boys need varying degrees of help. Many are first generation boys with no traditional set of values behind them. They soon find there is competition for their services and that there is an auction block on which they stand. College and college football are pointed out as a step toward pro football, with an income of \$8,000 or \$10,000 a year the first year after graduation. Where are they going to get the other side of the story?

"The high school boy and his parents need facts and understanding of values if they are to help provide a good background of enlightened public opinion and, in turn, make wise decisions. It is one of our ambitions to see they get the facts."

That too is necessary to bring football back to its rightful place. It's a big proposition to find a way of making all the facts about the educational and athletic opportunities of our colleges and universities readily available to our youth. But football's problems demand big propositions if they are to be solved. It's a big game.

## NINE POINTS FOR SURVIVAL

In concluding their survey on the college football crisis, the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Herman Hickman carefully weighed all the facts and opinions which came in as a result of their interviews and

questionnaires. Beyond that, we have tried, as we promised at the beginning of this series, to consider football's problems in the context of the game. We believe that these are changes which are necessary and can be

practically accomplished; changes that will serve the cause of college football as it is played in America today and help to preserve it in the name of the sportsmanship which should always be associated with it.

- 1** Each prospective football player in order to obtain an athletic scholarship must be qualified for admission the same as any other student.

Some suggestions have been made that a national test should be given, such as the college board examinations, in order to standardize admissions. We feel that this is completely impracticable because of the varying degree of secondary school standards in different sections of the country and also the wide range of requirements for admissions at different institutions. Admission standards must be left to the individual institution, and in any case be no lower than the conference level.

- 2** The applicant must show economic need.

It should be the duty of each institution to check thoroughly the financial status of the athlete's family and their ability to pay his college expenses. In no case should he be given more aid than needed.

- 3** Each player should receive through regular institutional channels, and only through these channels, sufficient financial aid to take care of his normal college expenses such as board, room, tuition and fees, books, laundry and dry cleaning.

The individual college should make up a budget of necessary expenses of a regular student, and this criterion should be the amount of the athletic scholarship awarded. The amount in dollars and cents will vary from institution to institution and from conference to conference, but in any case it must not be above the actual expenses as certified by the college. If this procedure is followed it will do away with much of the bickering such as is going on in the Pacific Coast Conference about the difference in the cost of living in Los Angeles and Corvallis, Oregon.

- 4** All other financial aid, except that outlined in No. 3, is prohibited.

The prohibition includes promise of financial aid beyond the minimum time required for a student to complete his allowable athletic competition, and outside aid and outside jobs, except jobs during the summer and during the school vacations, for which the pay is not greater than that received by other people doing the same kind of work. Any outside rewards or inducements to athletes or prospective athletes, such as gifts of money, clothes, lavish entertainment, loans or acting as sureties for loans, shall be considered as excessive financial aid and be prohibited.

- 5** The acceptance of any aid, except that outlined in No. 3, shall result in immediate expulsion of the student involved.

Assuming a conference and all of its members, or, so far as that goes, all the conferences and colleges, have adopted this scholarship plan, then there is no reason why this rule should be broken. When an institution guarantees the needed expenses of an individual, there are certain responsibilities that he must assume. This should be explained to

him in full by a regular faculty representative the day he registers. He should be asked to sign a pledge to this effect in order to receive his scholarship.

- 6** A fixed percentage of athletic scholarships—we suggest 75%—should be reserved only for boys in the conference territory of the college or university and its environs.

This would avoid the widespread recruiting abuses which occur in the course of competition for players from other sections. Another point that might be well taken would be to put a limit on the number of athletic scholarships each institution could provide so as to keep the competition on the same plane within a conference.

- 7** To receive an athletic scholarship and remain eligible for it, the recipient must take a regular course of study, of his own choice, leading to a degree. He must take a normal load of academic hours and maintain a satisfactory average. Before the beginning of his third year he must have obtained the proper number of credit hours and qualify points to become a full-fledged member of the junior class or his scholarship will be withdrawn.

If this rule was adopted and maintained by all institutions, most of the critics of college football would be hushed. Phony jobs and under-the-table pay are relatively unimportant compared to this phase. The maintenance of these standards does away with the stigma of "semipro" and "hired" athletes. The word "amateur" becomes real. In other words, strict observance of this rule places the proper connotation on the noun "proselyte."

- 8** The responsibility for proper practices of recruitment and subsidization of players should be placed squarely on the shoulders of the head football coach.

The president of the institution and his faculty committee on athletics should demand that the coach be personally and directly responsible to the president and his committee for his actions. They should insure and assure him against undue pressure to win games at any cost. They should free him of financial worries about gate receipts, and they should fire him if he or any of his assistants directly or indirectly give, have given, promise or condone any financial aid to players or prospective players beyond the regulations of the institution.

- 9** The "athletic dormitory" and the year-round training table should be abolished.

We realize that the training table during the season, especially for the night meal after practice and the pre-game meals on Saturdays, is a must. But for better player-student relations the athletic dormitory should be done away with or divided with nonathletic students, and the training table abolished out of season. And, more important, all incoming freshman athletes should be mixed at the beginning with other members of the student body. This might be impracticable at some institutions and economically unsound at others, but it would improve the stature of college football immeasurably.

## C'EST LA GUERRE!

continued from page 19

An ex-chinney sweep named Maurice Garin won the first Tour, covering 1,508 miles in 94 hours and 33 minutes of mad, unflagging pedaling. France went wild over the Tour, and nearly destroyed the event in her delirium. The following year when the riders took to the roads, they found the country split into fiercely partisan factions, each violently determined that its favorite would win. During one lap, 100 men waylaid Maurice Garin on the road, belted him with clubs, shouting "Kill him! Kill him!" Maurice wobbled groggily on only to meet further dirty work: nails scattered on the road which produced a series of punctures. Wherever the Tour appeared, riot and commotion followed it. At the finish line, the first four riders were disqualified for various "irregularities." Moaned Henri Desgrange: "There will never be another Tour de France."

But the Tour managed to remount for a third time, and it pedaled smoothly into history, surviving two world wars, the German occupation and 86 cabinet crises. Along the way, it piled up a rich store of folklore, stirring tales of handle-bar heroes. One of the earliest was François Faber, a 200-pound hulk of a man, who won the 1909 Tour, munching steadily on a dozen cold, cooked pork chops he always kept in his rucksack (he was later killed in action during World War I). During the 1913 Tour when Eugene Christophe broke the fork of his bike, he hoisted it to his shoulder, trotted 14 km to a blacksmith, personally banged out a replacement on the anvil and rejoined the race (he lost).

To describe feats like these, journalists covering the Tour de France have remained faithful to the purple-prose tradition established by Henri Desgrange. In this tradition, the riders become "giants of the road"; when they pedal fast, they "attack." A handsome Swiss cyclist named Hugo Koblet is known as the "pedaler of charm." During a single lap of a recent Tour he was compared variously to one of the Three Graces, a nymph, a demogod, and suddenly, as the finish line neared, he became an eagle harried by a pack of jackals. Last month when a cyclist had a breakdown in the Pyrenees, one writer said simply: "He died in beauty in the mountains."

Under these super heated conditions, the Tour becomes an obsession for both riders and public. When Brambilla, who seemed near to victory in the 1947

Tour, lost out in the last lap, he slipped into cavernous gloom. Friends visiting his house one day found him filling in a huge ditch at the end of his garden: he had buried his bicycle, standing it upright like a king's charger, because he deemed himself unworthy to ride it any more.

Symbol of victory in the Tour de France is the *maillot jaune*, a yellow, short-sleeved jersey with the initials "H.D." (in memory of Henri Desgrange who died in 1940, aged 75) embroidered on the left breast. It is awarded every day at the end of each lap to the rider who has currently racked up the best total riding time; normally the *maillot* changes hands a dozen times before it winds up on the back of the ultimate victor.

No taint of amateurism is allowed to touch the Tour. "This race is where your money is," explains one rider. Every entrant signs a contract with several advertisers and he wears their trade names emblazoned on his tunic: Dunlop tires, St. Raphael quinine water, and Peugeot bicycles. In addition to prize money, men who do well in the Tour can be sure of a full year's work appearing in exhibitions and other tours all over Europe.

### FREE WHEELS FOR STARS

Riders are usually divided into 10-man teams representing seven nations (France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Luxembourg and Spain) plus five regional French groups. Each team usually is led by a star rider, faithfully attended by several mates called *dosses-tiges* who try to push him on to the championship. If the star has a flat during a fast lap, one of his *dosses-tiges* will stop, quickly detach one of his own wheels and give it to him, rather than waste precious minutes waiting for the repair automobile in the rear. Then two more mates will drop back and help the star catch up with the fleeing column. (It is a curious fact about bike racing that three men together can ride faster than one man alone. This is partly psychological, partly because a 25-mile-an-hour rider encounters considerable wind resistance from even a five-mile breeze. Co-operative teammates, alternating as windbreaks, enable the star to keep up a faster pace than he could on his own.)

Director General of the Tour Jacques Goddet, 51, an erect, sunburned Frenchman, is the spiritual and material heir of Henri Desgrange. The son of Desgrange's right-hand man, Goddet is boss of *L'Eclair*, the biggest general sports daily newspaper in the

world (circulation 385,000), successor to *L'Auto* which was forced to shut down at the liberation because it had continued to publish during the German occupation. Like Desgrange, who kept fit by taking daily fencing lessons in a room adjoining his office, Goddet keeps an anxious eye on his muscle tone; he does 40 minutes' calisthenics daily, runs cross-country two or three times a week in the Bois de Boulogne. In Paris he makes his home, with wife and three children, in an apartment actually within the grounds of the Parc des Princes, a big velodrome and athletic field which he controls.

"The Tour de France is half his life," says one of Goddet's associates. Eleven months of the year he holds conferences twice a week in his office to iron out details of the Tour, which are about the same magnitude as running Ringling Brothers Circus in full performance: cross-country from New York to Chicago. To qualify as a stop-over for the Tour, a city must have plenty of hotel and restaurant space, be willing to pay \$7,000 to \$10,000 in francs for the privilege. Once the route has been established, a Tour official travels over every inch of it, making a personal call on some 10,000 mayors. In stopover cities he holds long conferences with the police chief, the city engineer, the telegraph and telephone authorities (every city sets up a press room containing a special telephone center with 24 private booths). Five months before the race starts, some 1,200 hotel rooms have been reserved in every city.

In July, Jacques Goddet takes to the road himself, as commander-in-chief of the Tour. He rides in a fire-engine-red Renault with an Italian body, standing erect in the rear, sturdily in shorts and open-neck shirt, crowned with a sun helmet. Rattling out commands to subordinates over a short wave radio, he is as imposing as a general at the head of his troops, a spirit which frequently creeps into the daily column he writes for *L'Eclair*.

This year, in a column titled "The Tour Sounds the Charge," he described a sprint from Toulouse to Montpellier: "In the morning, the bombardment began—in pursuit of Raymond Elena, who had formed the rallying point for this lightning apart, there were formed three waves of assault, composed of 17 grenadiers."

With General Goddet in command, the Tour made its final charge along the 136-mile lap from Montluçon to Paris last week but without the services of France's brightest racing star,



Louison Bobet, who won the Tour three years running, in 1953, 1954 and 1955. This year Louison was out of action (saddle sores: bike riding's occupational disease) and, without him as a rallying point, the French team exploded under the pressure of individual ambition. At the halfway point of the Tour, Andre Darrigade, a 27-year-old rider from southwest France, had made the best record on the national team and had managed to win the *maillot jaune* several times. In the last few miles of the mountainous run from Luchon to Toulouse, Darrigade was in the lead when he got a puncture. He pulled off to the side of the road, yelled to his teammates for aid, but they looked straight ahead and pedaled on. Despairingly, Darrigade changed his own tire, a much slower process than switch-

ing a wheel, and arrived in Toulouse well behind. At the finish, he burst into tears, sobbed: "I will never ride on a French team again!" That night, while others celebrated far into the evening, two hundred Frenchmen gathered under the hotel windows of the French team and chanted "Bobet! Bobet!" as a lament for the lost leader.

But other teams functioned perfectly and their action led to the downfall of the prerace favorite, a 24-year-old Luxembourg rider named Charly Gaul, "the angel of the mountains," famed for his ability to whirl up steep slopes in record time. This year Gaul seldom got a chance to break away: his path was always clogged by dawdling rival domestiques who kept him boxed in while their own stars rode far and fast ahead. Days before the finish, it was

apparent that Gaul had lost his chance for victory.

"The winged angel had pedals on his feet," was the way Goddet put it in a perfect bit of Tour-tailored prose.

One man who obviously had neglected to wear pedals on his feet was the winner, curly haired, ski-slope-nosed Roger Walkowiak, a 29-year-old Frenchman on the regional Nord-Est-Centre team. His total time: 124 hours one minute 16 seconds, a scant one minute 25 seconds faster than his closest rival. Jacques Goddet beamed as Walkowiak made his triumphal tour of the *Pare des Princes*, carrying an enormous bouquet of gladioli, but, like a good commander, his mind was already on the next campaign. Said he with simple eloquence: "Plans for the 1957 Tour start tomorrow." (END)



"... The bases are full, two bars muted arpeggio—then the bullpen springs into action, presto con brio—and the warmup pitches get faster, prestissimo!—stronger, fortissimo tutta forza!—And now the throw again as the batter walks up to the plate, adagio molto sostenuto—with fluent phrasing in thirds, legato—allegretto scherzando as the pitcher starts his windup. . . ."

\*\*\*\*\*



# HORSES FOR THE GENERAL

From the age of 9 Ulysses S. Grant's passion for horses was excelled only by his genius at breaking, riding and driving the most fractious of them

by JOHN DURANT

\*\*\*\*\*

*For all his audacity and all his modesty, he seemed to the townsfolk to love to break fiery colts on the village square with crowds looking on. He had improvised his own technique for the struggle. Whenever the horse suddenly stopped its plungings and reared, passing at the sky, the little fat boy dug his bare heels into its flanks and hung on. When it reversed its violence, "swallowed its head" and flared its hind hoofs at the treetops, he gripped its neck with his short arms and burrowed his toes in behind its shoulder blades.*

Thus wrote the late Historian Lloyd Lewis describing Ulysses S. Grant at the age of 9 in 1831. This early interest in horses, and skill in handling them, continued for the rest of his life. When young "Lyss" wasn't busy working on his father Jesse's farm in Georgetown, Ohio, he taught neighboring farmers' horses to pace, or amused himself by riding bareback and practicing acrobatic feats on running horses. At 10, when his father added a livery business to the farm and tannery, Ulysses was driving passengers from Georgetown to Cincinnati, some 45 miles distant. There was no team he



WEST POINT CADET GRANT PAINTED THIS WATER COLOR IN 1842

couldn't manage, no horse he couldn't break.

Whenever a circus came to town Lyss was the first to emerge from the audience at the ringmaster's challenge: "Will any boy come forth to ride this pony?" The trick circus ponies, trained to unsettle their riders with violent bucks and sudden wheelings, could never throw him. Once a ringmaster put a monkey on the boy's shoulders to disconcert him, but Ulysses, grave-faced and unperturbed, rode it out,

and kept the pony in hand.

In his memoirs Grant described other childhood pleasures he found time for, despite long hours of work on the farm: "I was compensated [for the farmwork] by the fact that there was . . . no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, 15 miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground."

Later, when Grant was 17 and a cadet at West Point, his passion for horses persisted, and he never lost his superb ability to handle them.

The academy in those days had no organized sports; fencing and riding were about the only recreation. From the start Grant was the outstanding horseman of the entire corps, so accomplished that even the riding master was no match for him. "It was as good as a circus to see Grant ride," a fellow cadet later recalled. "There was a dark bay horse that was so fractious that it was about to be condemned. Grant selected it for his horse. He bridled, mounted and rode it every day . . .

and how he did ride! He handled the refractory creature as a giant would a child. The whole class would stand around admiring his wonderful command of the beast. . . ."

Grant was long remembered at West Point for the leap he made at the graduation exercises of the senior class. "The riding master placed a leaping bar higher than a man's head and called out 'Cadet Grant,'" wrote General James B. Fry. "A clean-faced, slender, blue-eyed young fellow, weighing about 120 pounds, dashed from the ranks on a powerfully-built chestnut sorrel horse and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he . . . came into the stretch . . . the horse increased his pace and, measuring his stride for the great leap before him, bounded into the air and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast had been welded together. The spectators were breathless." (Grant set the academy high-jump record which endured for some 25 years, but the exact height of the bar is questionable. One biography puts it at 5 feet 6 inches, another at over 6 feet.)

A daring ride Lieutenant Grant made at the battle of Monterey during the Mexican War again brought him distinction as a horseman. Clinging to the side of his horse, he galloped through heavy fire to reach an ammunition wagon for a fresh supply. The feat made him a hero.

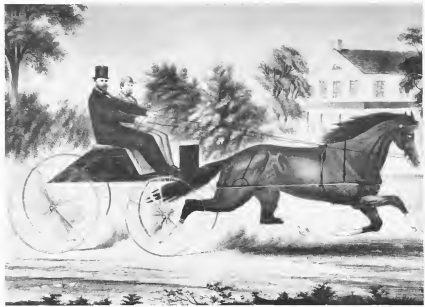
After the Mexican War, when he was stationed at various posts and barely subsisting on his small salary, Grant always managed to own good trotters. One of his favorites was a little black mare he bought for \$250 from Jim Cicotte, a Democratic politician in Detroit where Grant was stationed in 1849. Whirling behind her in a cutter or buggy, he was a frequent sensation in the streets of the city. She was good enough to win a few races for him, much to his delight.

The driving of fast-stepping horses continued to be Grant's chief relaxation after the Civil War when he lived in Washington as General of the Army and later as President. Like Jackson before him (SI, July 16), Grant rebuilt the White House stables, and during his two terms (1869-77) they sheltered

more horses than they ever had before. He had his choice of more than a dozen fine horses to drive. One day, as he sped along M Street, he was arrested for fast driving. The officer, one of Washington's new Negro policemen, nearly collapsed when he saw who his prisoner was, but Grant was more amused than angered. "Officer, do your duty," he smiled and walked home while the policeman brought the horse and rig to the station house.

Another form of recreation Grant found at the White House was the ball games played by youngsters on the grounds behind the executive mansion. Often Grant would stroll over to the diamond and watch the game. Sometimes he would act as umpire or take a turn at bat.

When his tenure in the White House was over Grant lived in New York, and Harlem Lane (now St. Nicholas Avenue) became his favorite ground for driving fast trotters. Except for the last years, when he was confined by cancer, Grant was seldom away from horses, the animals that he loved and handled so well. (END)



IN NEW YORK FORMER PRESIDENT GRANT DISPLAYS HIS GREAT TALENT FOR DRIVING TROTTERS TO ROBERT BONNER, A FAMOUS FURMAN

## DREAM RACE (CONT.)

Sirs:

I am in accord with your suggestion for a Dream Race (SI, July 30) if only to prove "the error of their ways" to those poor misguided "hurl experts" who last year voted Nashua Horse of the Year.

However, you have ignored the only horse in training today who might possibly stay close enough to Swaps to make a horse race out of it—Count of Honor, an unbeaten 8-year-old son of Count Fleet.

Now to Nashua. You make the statement both Swaps and Nashua are greater this year than last. Swaps, yes, but not the eastern horse. Just what is the measuring rod for equine greatness? Is it money won?

Nashua's record this year certainly indicates anything but greatness. He has yet to win under 130 pounds and has twice run out of the money against good, but certainly not great, competition.

Nashua failed to do what every really great 8-year-old was able to do: beat older horses of quality at weight for age. All the great ones—Swaps, Citation, Native Dancer, etc.—did it. Actually Nashua is no better than third at best behind Swaps and Mister Gus with Count of Honor probably a better horse also on a weight for age basis.

FRED NEIL

Santa Monica, Calif.

● For the latest on the still possible dream race, see EVENTS & DISCOVERIES.—ED.

## HONESTY AND DIGNITY

Sirs:

Regarding *A Manager and His Fighter* (SI, July 30) . . . I do not doubt that Writer Boyle saw the situation as he reports it, and perhaps that is the way it is in some cases, but it is not typical manager-fighter relationship.

I boxed for the Sid Flaherty stable (Carl "Boke" Olson, Eddie Machen and others) in San Francisco during 1946 and '47. Sid

Flaherty, for instance, does not look upon his stable of fighters as a "bunch of huns," and they respect him because he respects them. In all fairness, you should do a follow-up article on a manager of Sid Flaherty's caliber, who has given the fight game not only honesty but dignity.

BILLY WILSON

Seattle

● "A manager of Sid Flaherty's caliber," Sid himself—despite his genuine paternalism—may very likely lose his manager's license as a result of the California boxing investigations (SI, May 7).—ED.

## FACTUAL GLIMPSE

Sirs:

. . . It is the best picture of the boxing business I have read. It is not just an exposé, but a real factual glimpse into the boxing world.

JIMMY DOLAN  
Producer  
Sports Mirror, CBS

New York City

## STRICTLY ON THE LEVEL

Sirs:

I have read your article and it is very apparent that you are trying to give boxing a black eye. . . .

When you state that a boy is not smart when he says he wants to be a fighter, is extremely absurd. How about such boys as Carmen Basilio, Danny Giovannelli, Chuck Spieser, Al Andrews, Luis Perea. . . . These boys could not be called dumb by any stretch of the imagination and they certainly would have nothing to do with a manager who was not strictly on the level.

EDWARD McPHERSON

Syracuse, N.Y.

● A bum in fight talk is an opponent—an opponent a manager feels his fighter can beat without much exertion.—ED.

## JUDGING THE JUDGE

Sirs:

Some eastern boxing experts are still clinging tenaciously to their belief that Basilio whipped Saxton in Chicago, as evidenced by your July 30 (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES) comments about Fight Judge Ed Hints. Though neither man is Hall of Fame material, it was pretty well agreed among local Chicago experts that Saxton deserved to win. The most vocal critic of the IBC, Jack Mahley of the *Chicago Daily News*, agreed the verdict was just.

Hints's reputation here is still such that no important figure has accused him of being dishonest. Most "sporting people" and other observers here agree with Hints that he used bad judgment in becoming involved with Hodge, but don't think he made, or had any intention of making, a dime on the Hodge haul. Hints and his life-long love of boxing are a thing quite apart from the Banker Hints-Auditor Hodge matter. Perhaps this is a fine distinction, but I think you'll grasp it after a little more consideration.

AUBREY O. COOKMAN JR.

Chicago

● What we do grasp is that bad judgment does not a successful boxing judge or banker make.—ED.

## POETRY AT RAY

Sirs:

My husband receives your magazine and I enjoy it also. I especially like the short poem in EVENTS & DISCOVERIES each week. I've written one which I thought you might enjoy:

THE ROOKIE

Back to the minors now, no doubt  
He sacrificed with two men out!

JACQUELINE SPECKER

Marquette, Mich.

● No minor leaguer, Mrs. Specker,  
She hit a homer, upper decker.  
—ED.

## MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© Ajay

# **APPROPRIATE RECOGNITION HEREWITH**

Sirs: Your recent "Pats on the Back" to college tennis coaches were well deserved. I wonder if a small bow in the direction of Coach J. Emmett Pare, tennis coach at Tulane University, is not also in order.

No one can approach Coach Pare's record of having produced six National Collegiate singles champions—Ernest Suttler (1916-17), Jack Tocco (1949), Hamilton Richardson (1953-54) and Jose Agüero (1955).



COACH EMMETT PARE

In his 20 years as coach at Tulane, his teams have won 14 Southeastern Conference championships and have won 152 dual meets, against 25 defeats and 11 ties.

His present pupils include Agüero, the new Southern amateur champion; Ronald Holmberg, the 1956 Wimbledon junior champion and 1955 U.S. National junior indoor champion; and Crawford Henry, National Interscholastic champion.

At the age of 48, Coach Pare still plays on better than even terms with all of these young men. A member of the first Tilden professional tour in 1931 and two years later National Professional doubles champion with Bruce Barnes, Pare was previously Western amateur and National Clay Courts champion.

This marks his 25th anniversary as a professional and I feel that recognition by your outstanding publication would be quite appropriate.

EDISON ALLEN

New Orleans

## **HAPPY, HAPPY**

Sirs: Enjoyed Be Happy, Go Healthy With Bonnie (81, July 16) no end. Indeed making people feel happy while exercising is quite an accomplishment. . . .

CAROL GREENLAND

White Plains, N.Y.

## **THE PHYSIOLOGY OF FITNESS**

Sirs: I have read with much interest your article *Conference at Annapolis: First Blow for Fitness* (81, July 2).

I would like to obtain the complete text of the Kraus-Weber study (*The Report that Shocked the President*, 81, Aug. 15, 1955).

I am interested in keeping abreast of the progress of the proposed council on fitness

because I hope to do research in the area of physiology of exercise which may be applied to physical fitness.

WILLIAM N. WARRON  
Professor of Physical Education  
Grambling College

Grambling, La.

● The original report of the Kraus-Weber test is found in the *New York State Journal of Medicine*, Vol. 54, No. 2, Jan. 15, 1954, "Muscular Fitness and Orthopedic Disability."—ED.

## **BASIC EXERCISES**

Sirs:

I should like to have a copy of Bonnie Prudden's booklet on exercises mentioned in your article.

MRS. B. MAGNUSON

Chalfont, Pa.

● Miss Prudden's book, *Basic Exercises No. 1*, is available from the Institute for Physical Fitness, 5 Hillside Ave., White Plains, N.Y. Cost is \$2.—ED.

## **A SMALL REQUEST**

Sirs:

I would very much appreciate it if you would send me six copies of the reprint of the article on physical fitness by Bonnie Prudden.

JOHN W. BARTLEY  
Director of Physical Education  
YMCA, Downtown Branch

Dallas

● Due to the great demand by individuals and groups working in this field, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is making available copies of its article on Bonnie Prudden's program and its earlier report on Dr. Kraus' detailed study of physical fitness in American and European children.—ED.

## **PUBLIC COOPERATION**

Sirs:

Colorado veterinarians and other citizens of this cool, colorful state are avid readers of your magazine and we enjoy our discussions on your varied articles.

We are dismayed, however, at the reflection that is cast on our profession by your remarks in *Was for Walkers* where you refer to the "veterinarian, with unwavering dedication to the collection of the fast buck. . . ."

We admit that a few of our colleagues may have a tendency to place their ambitions over their ethics, but as we catch them, we do our best to "weed 'em out."

If Alice Higgins or any reader finds such a veterinarian as you describe, the local or state veterinary association should be contacted, and you will find their ethics committees handle these affairs with dispatch.

We are a proud profession, and that pride is based on our ability to maintain high standards. We ask the public cooperation in instances such as this.

G. H. GILBERT  
Secretary-Treasurer  
Colorado Veterinary Medical Assn.  
Arvada, Colo.

## **THIS BOTHERS ME**

Sirs:

Jeremiah Tax in *Harry the Horrid* (81, July 23) says of Adios Harry: "Shattered, incidentally, is the only word for what

Harry did to the mile racing record. It was 1:57 4/5 when he went up to Vernon and 1:55 when he left."

This bothers me terribly and I would appreciate an explanation. I have been under the impression all my life that Dan Patch paced the mile, years before the turn of the century, in 1:55 1/4. . . .

WILLIAM DON WILLIAMS  
San Jacinto, Calif.

● Dan Patch set his mark in a time trial, which is in no way comparable to racing competition. A time trial is a race under ideal conditions between a horse and the clock, with none of the battling for position and imposed strategy involved in an eight- or 10-horse race field. The U.S. Trotting Association still keeps trial records to enable owners to set a value on their horses for future breeding purposes. As a race horse, Adios Harry is the fastest standard-bred in the sport's 150-year history.—ED.

## **KING-SIZE DIVE**

Sirs:

Ron E. Church and two friends were diving off Los Coronados Island about 30 miles southwest of San Diego off the Mexican coast last Saturday when Church spotted a king-size bass (see cut) swimming slowly against the current at about 35-foot depth. He fished to within about four feet of the brute, let him have it in the left gill with a four-foot spear fired from a rubber-spring gun. For a few minutes the bass seemed unaware that he had been hurt,



RON CHURCH AND GIANT SEA BASS

continuing to swim slowly in lazy zigzags. Then he took off, with Church hanging on to a 60-foot line. Without breathing equipment, Church was forced to surface every minute or so, tracked the bass's movements with the aid of a "Mae West" he had attached to line. After 45 minutes and a 500-yard chase, surfacing and returning, trying to bring the bass up, Church finally surfaced with the fish.

It weighed in at 464 1/2 pounds—for skin divers, a world record.

BOB NICHOLS  
San Diego

## **PAT ON THE BACK**

### **G. SPENCE HANNA**

Winner of the Dulles Regatta held off Sodus Point on Lake Ontario with *Selene*, his mahogany-hulled Dragon-class sloop, Hanna (left) receives the trophy awarded each year by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. The Secretary, who maintains a retreat on nearby Duck Island, has himself sailed eastern Lake Ontario waters for many years.

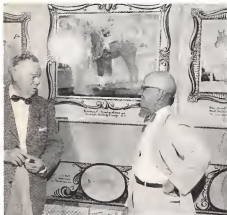


**BOB McCALL**

A hole in one on the 132-yrd 26th hole was the deciding factor in the 27-year-old McCall's one-up victory over Bob Shave Jr. in the Ohio Amateur championships. Sharing a hold on the winner's trophy is Bob's bride of five months, Jean, who was so overcome by the excitement of the match that she fainted dead away on the course.

### **GENERAL J. FRED MILES**

At 74 a prominent Kentucky horseman for decades, General Miles now owns his own track in Louisville where he has set up the Hall of Fame of Kentucky jockeys. Here in the Hall he stands (left) with Jockey Roscoe Goose before a portrait of Goose taken after his 1913 Derby win on Doneraile at 91-1. Doneraile was greatest Derby long shot.





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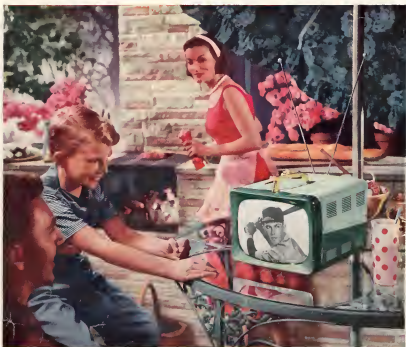
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